

**-THREE-PENCE-**

# The LUDGATE MONTHLY



*Contributions*  
BY  
PHILIP MAY,  
L. T. MEADE,  
HENRY HERMAN,  
IDA LEMON,  
*etc., etc.,*  
*and Song by*  
Edward St. Quentin,  
*Composer of*  
*"The Begic Man," &c.*

**75 ILLUSTRATIONS**



No. 4, Vol. 2.

Published at 4 & 5, CREED LANE,  
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

February, 1892.



# FLORILINE

**FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.**

*Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.*

*Prevents the Decay of the Teeth.*

**RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.**

*Removes all Traces of Tobacco Smoke.*

*Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.*

**IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS & DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.**

*Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.*

## FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER

*Put up in Glass Jars, Price 1s.*

**THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Ltd.,**  
33, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, Proprietors.

# Cleaver's Juvénia Soap

**Marvellous Effect!!**

**Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.**

**£200 to be Given Away in Prizes.**

Send stamped and directed Envelope for particulars to

**F. S. CLEAVER & SONS,**  
52 to 54, Red Lion St., Holborn, London.

# INFLUENZA

*May be prevented by the simple*

**ACT OF WEARING**

**2 of**

**Allcock's Plasters,**

*One on the Chest and one in between the Shoulders.*

*They are Warming, Soothing, and Comforting, and act as a very Breast-plate.*



# RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS

Nervous Exhaustion, Impaired Vitality, Torpid Liver, Indigestion, Constipation, Hysteria, Internal Weakness, Kidney Disease, &c.,

Yield like magic to the invigorating properties of Mild Galvanic Currents imperceptibly applied to the system by simply wearing

**HARNESSES'**

(Galvanic  
and  
Faradic.)

# ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

(By  
Royal  
Letters  
Patent.)

It has cured thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world. It is light and comfortable to wear, and may be relied upon to impart Health, Strength, and Vigour to the debilitated constitution.

## RHEUMATISM.

Mrs. MORGAN, 30, Pond Street, Cachar, writes, April 24, 1891: "Having worn your Electropathic Abdominal Belt constantly since the beginning of January, I am very pleased to state that my health is very much improved. I hope that your numerous patients will derive the same benefit from your Belts as I have experienced, and I shall with pleasure recommend your appliances to my friends."

## KIDNEY DISEASE.

HENRY CHARLES, Esq., Milbury House, Fawcett Road, Southsea, writes, Feb. 23, 1891: "Since wearing your Electropathic Belt, I am pleased to say I am much better in every respect. Before purchasing it, I suffered from Stone and Kidney Disorder for fifteen years. I then went under an operation for Stone, in the Royal Portsmouth Hospital, at Southsea; the stone weighed 2½ ozs. I am thankful to tell you that I am quite satisfied with the Belt, and MY BACK IS VERY MUCH STRONGER since wearing it than it has been for years."



## NEURALGIA.

Miss S. ROWE, Duppes Terrace, Croydon, writes, Mar. 18, 1891: "Since adopting your Electropathic Belt, and carrying out your local treatment, I am thankful to say I am so much better—for I have suffered greatly. Not a minute's pain have I had since the arrival of the Belt, and I have worn it constantly. I am looking and feeling so well, and my friends are remarking 'how is it you do not appear so haggard and worn?' The menstrual period is much better, also the Leucorrhoea. I only wish I had tried the treatment before, instead of taking so much medicine."

## TO SUFFERERS.

Those who cannot call and avail themselves of a free personal consultation should write at once for particulars.

PAMPHLETS FREE.

MEDICAL BATTERY Co., Ltd.,

CONSULTATION FREE.

**52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.**

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "London and County Bank."

## MR. C. B. HARNESSES' ELECTROPATHIC TREATMENT.

Mr. C. B. HARNESSES' treatment becomes more popular every day. It is now largely patronised and strongly recommended by the nobility of England, as well as the leading physicians, barristers, military officers, clergymen, and all classes of society. It has proved marvelously successful in the speedy relief and cure of the following ailments, frequently after every other form of treatment has been tried and fortunes spent in physic without success: Nervous Exhaustion, Chronic Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Impaired Vitality, Acute Rheumatism (constitutional and acquired), Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Sleeplessness, Kidney Troubles, Hysteria, Loss of Appetite, Varicocoele, Organic Disorders, Ladies' Ailments, Weak Back, &c. Sufferers from any of the above-mentioned complaints should at once stop taking poisonous drugs and quack medicines, and either call at

The Electropathic and Zander Institute,  
**52, OXFORD STREET,  
LONDON, W.,**

And avail themselves of a free personal consultation, or write to-day for particulars.

Thousands of Testimonials received. Pamphlets free.



OUT OF SIGHT.

EXCITED CITIZEN (rushing into police station): I want a detective.

INSPECTOR: What do you want a detective for?

EXCITED CITIZEN: Well, there's a disgraceful fight going on in front of my house, and I want him to find a policeman.



# READ THIS FACT.

94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings on paper, but I should like to thank you, for your lozenges have done wonders for me in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive and getting on well) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital for abduct, or paralysis of the vocal chords, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; indeed it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus also, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty."

Mr. T. Keating.

I am, Sir, yours truly,  
J. HILL.

## MEDICAL NOTE.

The above speaks for itself. From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using Keating's Cough Lozenges is understated. The operation was a specially severe one, and was performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Butlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Since the operation, the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense. Mr. Hill kindly allows any reference to be made to him.

## THE UTTERLY UNRIVALLED REMEDY FOR COUGHS, HOARSENESS AND THROAT TROUBLES.

"Keating's Cough Lozenges" are sold everywhere, in Tins, 1/1½ and 2/9 each.  
Free by Post, 15 Stamps.

THOS. KEATING, CHEMIST, LONDON.



### TO GET RID OF WORMS IN CHILDREN, USE KEATING'S WORM TABLETS.

A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for **INTESTINAL OR THREAD WORMS**. It is a perfectly Safe and Mild Preparation, and is especially adapted for Children.

Sold in Tins, 1/1½ each, by all Chemists. Free by Post, 15 Stamps.

THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, Bride Lane, London.





HE FINISHES HIS WORK.

MRS. WORRIT: Oh, Doctor, is it really true that many people are buried alive?

DR. GRAVES: None of my patients ever are.

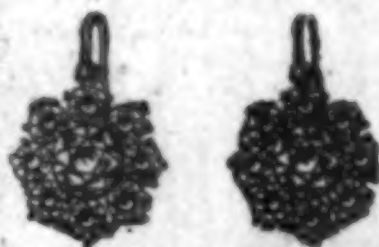
# FIELD'S

## OZOKERIT

# CANDLES

J. C. & J. FIELD, LTD., LAMBETH, S.E.

# THE FAULKNER DIAMOND (Reg.)



Earrings, 21s. pair.



Clear set in Solid Gold, 18s. 6d.



Scarf Pin set in Gold, 10s., with Stud, 12s. 6d.

## ROSE

Price, 30s.  
Any Name to Order.



New Brooch, 25s.  
Great Variety in Stock.



Pin and Stud, 21s.



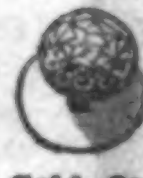
Gold, 25s.



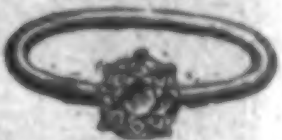
Gold, 21s.



Gold, 25s.



Gold, 8s.



GOLD RATTLE RING, 7/6.



The Ears do not require Piercing for these Ear-rings, 25s. pair.



Collar Stud, Gold, 12s.



Brooch, 10s. 6d.

The FAULKNER DIAMOND, being a hard Crystal, will stand any amount of wear, is most beautifully cut and faceted by the first lapidaries of the day. The purity and dark rich fire of these stones are unsurpassable, and infinitely superior to many expensive real gems of inferior quality. The great reputation of the FAULKNER DIAMOND is now well known all over the world. The stones are set in gold and silver by most experienced setters, and can be mounted side by side with the finest brilliants. They are patronised for Court and all great occasions. Thousands of testimonials can be seen from all parts of the world. The public are cordially invited to inspect the marvellous selection now on view, which we guarantee will surpass most sanguine expectations.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE. AWARDED THREE GOLD MEDALS.

Our Extensive Workshops are now in Direct Communication with the Regent Street Premises.

ARTHUR FAULKNER, { TWO DOORS FROM } 167 & 90, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.  
BURLINGTON STREET



THE APPROVED REMEDY  
OF THE AGE

# Alcock's Plasters

are the best.

USE THEM FOR  
SPRAINS, STRAINS.  
& PAINS  
OF EVERY  
DESCRIPTION



BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS & COLDS

The REV. MARK GUY PEARSE says:—

“We have found them a very breast-plate against  
Coughs, Colds, &c.”





FATHER: May, what on earth are you doing out there?

MAY: I'm only looking at the moon.

FATHER: Well, tell the moon to go to rest, and come in at once. It's ten o'clock.

# BRANDRETH'S

SUGAR-COATED

## PILLS.

A Reliable Family Medicine. 40 in a box.  
Price 1s.

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SUGAR-COATED

## PILLS.

A Reliable Family Medicine. 40 in a box.  
Price 1s.

## WOOLLEN BLANKETS SUPERSEDED BY CELLULAR SHEETS AND COUNTERPANES.

Combining Complete Ventilation and Perfect Warmth.

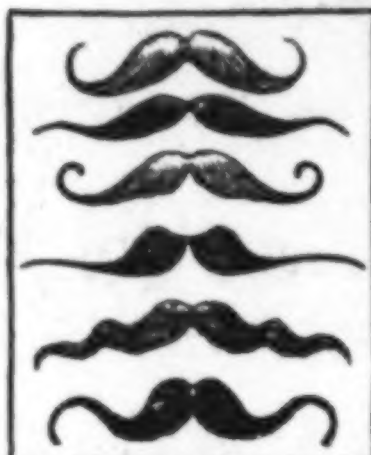
CELLULAR DRESS & DAY SHIRTS, NIGHT SHIRTS, PYJAMAS, UNDERWEAR for BOTH SEXES, CORSETS, &c.

*Illustrated Price List, with names of 160 country agents, sent post free on application.*

A Complete Assortment of Stock at

ROBERT SCOTT, 14 & 15, POULTRY, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.  
OLIVER BROS., 417, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

## TRAIN YOUR MOUSTACHE IN THE WAY IT SHOULD GO.



### CARTER'S THRIXALINE

is a unique transparent fluid for training and fixing the moustaches of "all sorts and conditions of men" into any position. For this purpose it surpasses every preparation that has ever been introduced.

Prepared only by  
**JOHN CARTER,**  
Hairdresser, &c.,  
AT THE

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Post Free, 2s. 9d., 5s. 9d., and 10s. 9d.





# W. DRAKE & CO.'S PERFECT SHIRT.



Superior Long Cloth and  
Fine Irish Linen, 4-fold,  
4/6 each,  
OR  
6 for 26/-



This is a well-known marvel in point of value, being equal to and more comfortable in fit than any high-priced Shirt.

Sample in Show-cases at most Railway Stations. Length of Sleeve and Size of Collar all that is necessary to ensure a perfect fit.

The PERFECT SHIRT is now worn in every part of the habitable globe, and can be had in different styles, as under:—

The LINCOLN, with wide front and for one stud, and round wrists for dress; stud or button at back of neck.

The BROOKLYN, with wide front and for one stud, and narrow wrists and stud-hole for cuff.

The LUDGATE, for three front studs and usual wrists.

Open at back or front, for ordinary wear.

The TEMPLE, with wide front and for one stud, and square wrists for dress.

Open at back or front.

The CIRCUS, for three front studs and narrow wrists, and stud-hole for cuff.

Open at back or front, for business wear.

The MONARCH, with wide front and for three studs, and square wrists for dress.

Open at back or front.

The COURT, with stud-hole at back in place of button.

The BRITON, as the Temple, but cut for short arms.

The DEFIANCE, with wide front and for three front studs, and deep round wrists for dress.

The ALLIANCE, with Pique Front and cuffs.

The ADAPTABLE, for three studs and usual wrists, but cut for short arms.

Open at back or front.

Send P.O. 4s. 6d. for Sample Shirt.

SHIRTS REFRONTED, WRISTS and COLLAR banded, 3s., ready for use. Extra quality.

**W. DRAKE & CO.,**

SHIRT AND COLLAR MAKERS,

43, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, & Bridge House, 181, Queen Victoria St.,

E.C.



# IMAGINARY DISEASES.

By G. HAMER, M.D.

**W**HILE Vital Statistics, as carefully kept in all civilised countries, afford a valuable guide to the prevention, treatment, and outcome of all the diseases that depend upon a tangible disturbing of the physiological functions, no record has been, or perhaps ever can be, made of the ailments that are said to be "purely imaginary." The unfortunate sufferer goes from one physician to another, here diagnosed as affected with Malaria; there treated for Dyspepsia; again by a third as affected with Gastric Catarrh, and after running the gamut of nosology and of the *Materia Medica*, is called a hypochondriac if a man, or said to be hysterical, if a woman.

Hypochondriasis and hysteria are called imaginary diseases, because, forsooth, presenting no physical evidence of deviation from health, they present nothing to attack with drugs that oftentimes, and especially when not administered to combat a specific condition, produce diseases that in turn are difficult to cure. But these *imaginary diseases*—are they imaginary? Is there a human being so foolish that he will imagine, conjure up or affect a disease for no other purpose than to make himself and those about him miserable? He knows that this affection can have but one outcome—either mental or physical death. The lunatic asylum or the grave is the only place where the so-called "Imaginary Diseases" end, if not cured. That these imaginary diseases have their seat in the nervous system no one will deny; but that is giving a name to an unknown entity, whose existence is evident in its manifestations, but in nothing else.

The finer feelings revolt at what has been done, alas, fruitlessly! for these "Imaginary Diseases." Burning with the white-hot iron is among the least severe "remedies" to-day still directed against them. And with what result? The slow, torturous voyage to the grave or Bedlam is abbreviated—by suicide. To argue these sufferers out of their ailments is as efficacious as it would be to bid the sun stand still. They suffer, and the knowledge that no pathological cause can be found for their sufferings is no relief for them. Shall we give them up as hopeless, condemn them to punishment, or humiliate them with bootless pity? Fortunately neither of these extremes are necessary any more, for they can be cured!

Modern Science recognises that there are ailments beyond the reach of the microscope of highest power even, and the physician

need no more say that he cannot "minister to the mind diseased," at least so far as these "Imaginary Diseases" are concerned. He now knows that there is an invaluable remedy in Electricity, though he knows not precisely how it acts. Yet he knows it *does* act, and most powerfully for good, when intelligently applied, either in the form of mild continuous currents, as are imperceptibly applied to the system by wearing one of Harness' Electropathic Belts, or one of the other approved methods adopted by the Medical Battery Company, Limited, at their Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W. And it is precisely in such cases, where, because of its subtlety, the disease cannot be classified or diagnosed, and it is called Imaginary, that Electricity is most beneficial. The highest medical authorities now recognise this incontrovertible fact, and all who are interested in the subject should call, if possible, at 52, Oxford Street, London, W., and avail themselves of a free personal consultation, or write at once for descriptive pamphlet and Book of Testimonials.

Of course it is impossible for Physicians to keep on hand that large stock of electrical appliances necessary for the treatment of explicable and inexplicable diseases; hence the convenience and even necessity of commending their patients to an institution, like the Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, fully equipped with every appliance that Science, Art, and Practice have proven valuable.

The books of this Company show that Harness' Electropathic Belts are prominently most in demand, and we are confident that with their ever-increasing use the world will ere long show a marked diminution in the number of cases of hysteria, hypochondria, and the other so-called "Imaginary Diseases." With the use of these belts faith is utterly unnecessary; even a few days' use shows their effect. They produce no pain, inconvenience, or shock, and the only immediate evidence of their presence is an improvement in the general tone of the patient. Sadness, depression, pains and discomforts disappear, the appetite improves, sleep becomes refreshing, the walk grows elastic, all the organs resume their functions, renewed vigour and energy take the place of lassitude, and another being lives to shed sunshine and happiness upon all about her or him. The effect is not temporary, like that of spirits, but permanent and enduring.



# FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS

## TEST THEM



## FREE OF CHARGE.

Write for samples of Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, naming the "Ludgate Monthly," and they will be sent you gratis and post free. Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are the pleasantest and most efficacious of all spring medicines. They are invaluable in the treatment of all Blood and Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Eczema, etc. They are specially indicated for children, being alike safe, pleasant, and efficacious. As a remedy for women's complaints, they are unequalled. They are preventive of Chills, Colds, Rheumatism, and Constipation, and are of great service in the treatment of these complaints. They are the best of all blood purifiers and ward off Influenza and Infectious Complaints. About 600,000 packets were sold in 1891, as Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are one of the greatest successes on record.

Those who desire a good skin and complexion, clear, healthy, and free from blemish, are especially recommended to use Frazer's Sulphur Tablets internally, and Frazer's Sulphur Soap externally. The last-named is the purest of all soaps and absolutely the best. It leaves the Skin soft and smooth, and neither dries the nails nor hair. It is free from excess of alkali or fat and contains extra soft cream, which is especially soothing and beneficial to the skin.

Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are put up in 1s. 1½d. packets (post free 1s. 3d.) Frazer's Sulphur Soap (Scented), in card boxes, price 6d.; Unscented, in green cartons, price 6d., three post free 1s. 6d.

Frazer's Productions are sold by, or may be ordered of, all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at home or in any part of the world. **SOLE PROPRIETORS: FRAZER'S TABLETS, LIMITED, 11, LUDGATE SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.**



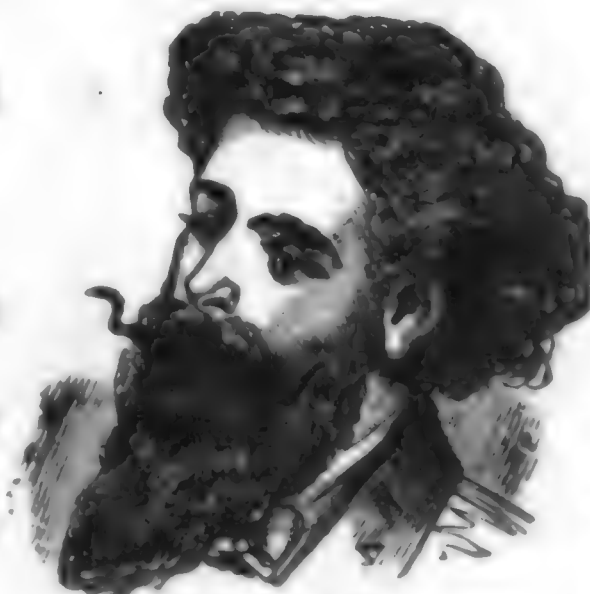
POSITIVELY THE BEST HAIR DRESSING.  
EDWARDS'

# 'HARLENE'



WORLD-RENOUNDED  
HAIR PRODUCER  
AND  
RESTORER.

*Positively forces Luxuriant  
Hair, Whiskers and  
Moustachios to grow heavily  
in a few weeks, without  
injury to the Skin, and no  
matter at what age.*



AFTER USE.

The World-renowned Remedy for **BALDNESS** from whatever cause arising. As a PRODUCER of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a CURER of WEAK or THIN EYELASHES, or RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be perfectly harmless, and devoid of any Metallic or other injurious ingredients.

1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per bottle, from Chemists, Hair Dressers, and Perfumers all over the World, or sent direct, on receipt of 1s. 4d., 2s. 10d., 3s. 11d., and 6s. Postal Orders preferred.

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**EDWARDS & Co.**

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AFTER USE.

Special offer to readers of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

**A 5s. 6d. TRIAL BOTTLE for 8s.**

We bind ourselves to send to any reader of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY who sends us this Coupon, with a Postal Order for 3s., and 6d. to cover postage, package, &c., one regular 5s. 6d. bottle of Edwards' Instantaneous HARLENE, provided it is ordered within one month from date of Coupon. We make this offer solely for the purpose of making our specialite more widely known, without expending enormous sums in advertising, feeling sure that once having tried HARLENE you will never give up its use for any other preparation; by this offer the public reap the benefit. Address all orders with Coupons. Dated January 1st, 1892.

COUPON.

COUPON.

## ACTON & BORMAN'S

SPECIALITIES:

### "PROTECTOR" KNIFE POLISH,

In 3d. PACKETS AND 6d. 1s. 2s. 6d. TINS EVERYWHERE

### "ROYAL LUSTRE" BLACK LEAD

IN PACKETS, 1d. & 2d. ONE TRIAL SOLICITED

ALSO  
"GENUINE" EMERY-EMERY AND GLASS CLOTHS.

"ROYAL PATENT" FLEXIBLE GLASS PAPER.

BLOCK BLACK LEADS, KNIFE BOARDS, &c.

## 72, SHOE LANE, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1781.



The Oldest Established Firm of Ladies' Tailors in the Kingdom, with the LATEST NOTIONS, and what is all-important in these days, the MOST ECONOMICAL CHARGES.—*Vide Press.*

# Hoare & Sons

Messrs. HOARE & SONS are now exhibiting in their RECENTLY ENLARGED SHOW ROOMS attractive Novelties for the Coming Season, exclusively designed and Manufactured for their House alone.

Riding Habits, for Park or Country, with Patent Safety Skirt, from 4½ to 10 guineas.

(Special Habit Fitter, A. Vierboom, for 17 years with the late Mr. Wolmerhausen.)

The New "Combination" Patent Safety Habit (Habit and Trousers combined). Made to order, from the New Rain (but not Air) Proof Cloths, from 6½ guineas.

Covert Coats, from the New Rain Proof Cloths, from 2½ guineas.

Handsome Braided Gowns, from the New Cloths, including all the New Shades, from 6½ guineas. Novel effects in Cord and Braid, Original and Unique.

Travelling and Useful Cloth Gowns, from the New Irish and Scotch Homespuns, Tweeds and Vicunas, from 4 guineas.

Short Coats, plain, from 2½ guineas; braided, 3½ guineas.

Long Coats and Ulsters, from 3½ guineas.

COUNTRY ORDERS.—Ladies can now be fitted as perfectly as if in town, by the assistance of a Pattern Bodice (which can be sent by post), and a few measures taken by our Registered System. All orders being executed in a few days (Mourning, if necessary, 48 hours), the delay and trouble experienced in many parts of the country is thereby avoided.



New Patent Safety Habit, as Illustrated, from 5½ guineas.  
Covert Coat, from the New Rain Proof Cloths, from 2½ guineas.



New Seal Plush Princess Coat (a capital presentment of real Seal skin), lined Fancy Silk or Seal Satin, made to order, from 5 guineas; or, in Best Alaska Seal skin, made to order, from 25 to 35 guineas.

PATTERNS OF THE NEWEST MATERIALS, SKETCHES OF THE LATEST DESIGNS, AND ESTIMATES POST FREE.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

HOARE & SONS,  
CENTRAL HOUSE, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.



# Before Consumption

Before you are willing to think of it.

If we could get you to properly value your healthy weight, you would probably be in no danger of ever having consumption at all.

Consumption would not disappear entirely, because there are sudden onsets of it that cannot be stopped, so far as we now know; and because there are inherited tendencies toward it so persistent that we cannot overcome them, so far as we now know.

We are all exposed to consumption; often; every one of us; no one escapes the germ. We do not all get it. The reason is that we are generally in too good condition to get it. The germ does not grow unless we are weak.

It is true that we do not know exactly what this means, this being weak; but we know the sign of it—losing our healthy weight; the remedy—fat; and how to get it—by careful living, of which Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is sometimes a necessary part.

If we could get you to value your healthy weight, your normal plumpness, your fat, you would be almost safe.

How to restore your healthy weight, if you are losing it, told in a book on CAREFUL LIVING; sent free to those who write for it to Scott & Bowne, Ltd., Chemists, 47, Farringdon Street, E.C., London. Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil at all Chemists and Vendors of Medicine, 2/6 & 4/6.





**SOUR-FACED WOMAN:** You get away from here or I'll call my husband.

**TRAMP:** Yer husband ain't at home.

**SOUR-FACED WOMAN:** How do you know he ain't?

**TRAMP:** I've allers noticed, mum, that when a man is married to a woman what looks like you he never is at home except at meal times.



**SACRIFICING EVERYTHING TO ART.**

"See here, barber, you've cut off a piece of my ear."

"Yes, sir; they seemed to me a trifle large."

# SATIN POLISH



FOR LADIES' & CHILDREN'S BOOTS & SHOES, TRAVELLING BAGS, &c.

*Highest Award Wherever Exhibited.*  
Latest, Paris Exhibition, 1889.

## MAGIC BRONZE

Gives to old Boots and Shoes, Ornaments, &c., the appearance of new.

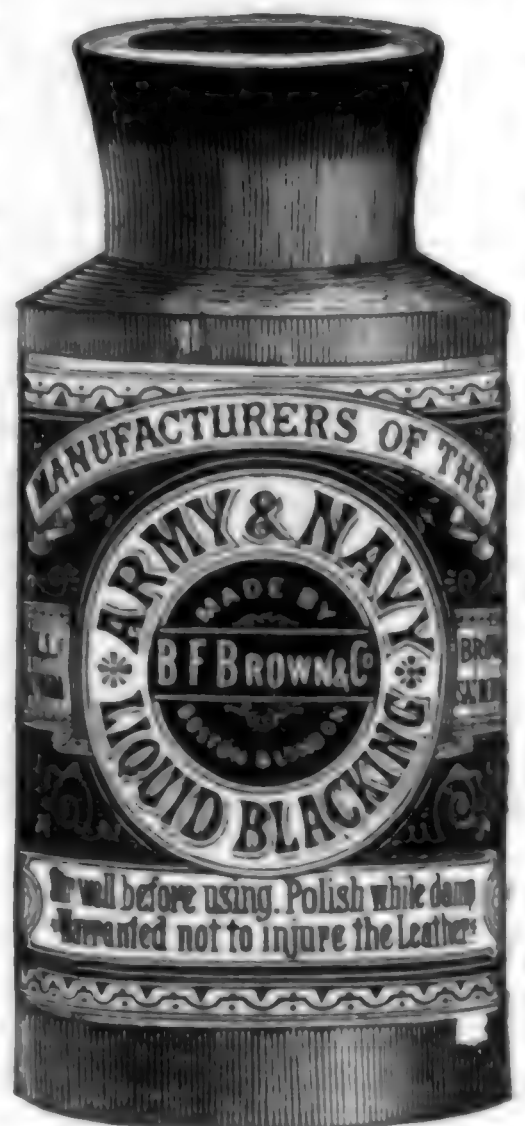
## SATIN BROWN CREAM

For Brown and Russia Leather Boots and Shoes.

## For Gentlemen's Boots use ARMY & NAVY LIQUID BLACKING.

Gives a Brilliant Jet Black Polish quickly.

**Sold Everywhere.**







## **OBSERVE !**

**F**ROM the earliest days of medicinal science, no antidote has achieved such a reputation as

## **BEECHAM'S PILLS.**

Their fame has reached the uttermost parts of the earth, their curative power is universally acknowledged to a degree unprecedented in the annals of physical research; they stand forth pre-eminent to the world for their health-restoring and life-giving properties, being the most marvellous medicine yet discovered for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, Sick Headache, Indigestion, and all Derangements of the Liver; and for suffering Females are—

"A priceless boon, a treasure more than wealth;  
The banisher of pain, the key to health."

**BEECHAM'S PILLS,**  
ST. HELENS.

**WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.**





# THE 'HAMMOND' TYPEWRITER.

## LEADING POINTS.

**SPEED.**—Highest Record, 181 words in one minute, equal to 758 finger movements, or an average of 12½ per second.

**ALIGNMENT.**—Perfect and Permanent.

**TYPE.**—Instantly interchangeable. 21 kinds.

**IMPRESSION.**—Uniform, being independent of touch.

**PAPER.**—Takes any width, 20 yards in length

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# THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.

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THE BIRTH OF LOVE.





BY PHILIP MAY.

**I**T was only a sunbeam. Only a sunbeam, falling upon the face of a young girl.

Only a sunbeam. Only a ray of light, sent from above. But it had borne a divine spark of love from heaven to earth, and had kindled a fire within the maiden's breast that would, perchance, never die out.

What a change that sunbeam had wrought, and how quickly! It fell upon a child, and she became a woman; upon one whose thoughts were of self, and she at once began to think how she could become of some use to others; and all this happened before the curate passed out of sight, who was standing by her side when the sunbeam descended from heaven.

A new life had begun, and a better. Love was born; and the soul, which up to the present had lain dormant, now awoke from its slumber. It summoned all the maiden's power to action, calling upon her to uphold the good, to combat the evil, and to sacrifice self for others.

Still, to resolve is easy; and to accomplish, difficult. The first step, too, is the one that often costs the greatest effort, and shows the least result. A mighty resolve had been formed; and then, looking down, the girl lost her balance, and almost fell in her successful endeavour to avoid stepping upon a tiny worm.

Then, along the road down which the curate had disappeared, a poor woman came toiling, laden with her marketing, and with a sick child, whom she had taken to the chemist, not being able to afford a doctor's fee.

"How is your husband, Mrs. Simmons?" the girl asked.

"Mortal bad, Miss. The cough gets wusser every day, and he can't get about now, and never will any more. The doctor can't do him no



more good, 'e says, and won't come again, unless we send for 'im ; but, 'e's to 'ave ever so much nourishment, which ain't to be provided out o' the profits of a general village shop, wi' a turnover of barely nothink, and profits less. Providence must approve of these things, or they wouldn't 'appen ; but, if it's a judgment on us, it's a 'ard one, especially now that Mr. Jackson in town is sending a cart round 'ere daily, taking away the little trade that 'as allus been our'n."

The poor woman's tears were running down her cheeks ; but her arms and hands were so full that she could not wipe her eyes. She did not wish her tears to be noticed, however ; and she complained of the sun in her eyes, and said, "It do make them water, Miss Evelyn."

The young lady accepted this explanation ; and, after a little struggle with pride, which was easily overcome, she relieved the woman of some of her packages and parcels, and carried them as she walked on.

"Law, Miss, what would the squire say to see 'ee now ?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Simmons," Miss Evelyn replied with some hesitation, remembering that her father did not look at everything in quite the same light as the curate ; and then she added, "but it cannot be wrong to help a neighbour."

Mrs. Simmons yielded a tacit consent

both to the argument and the assistance ; but the two women were glad that they did not meet anyone before they reached the general shop, which was the first of a little group of cottages, standing nearly opposite the lodge gates, from which a broad avenue, bordered with oaks, led up to Haversham Hall.

Laura Evelyn had not been wont to devote much time to reflection, or to trouble at all either about

the past or the future ;

but when she had

reached her room

and had taken off

her hat and

jacket, she

began to

consider

what the

curate had

said, and

she recalled

not only

his words,

but even

the tones of

his voice,

and the vary-

ing expres-

sion of his

handsome,

smooth-shaven

face.

He had told

Laura that he

loved her—

adding, after a

pause—and all

his parish-

ioners ; that he

required a help-

meet, one who

would labour

by his side,

helping to bring

erring sisters

into the fold

of the Church ;

and that family

pride and riches

were stumbling blocks that kept loving hearts asunder, preventing many a one from doing that duty which each of us owes to his neighbour.

Oh ! the words were of a doubtful or a double meaning, but the emphasis and the expression were not to be mistaken. That the curate was a good and holy man,



LAW MISS, WHAT WOULD THE SQUIRE SAY TO SEE 'EE NOW?"

endowed with a heart that could feel for the poorest of his parishioners, she felt sure ; but at the same time she was equally positive that, in summoning her to lead a nobler life than had been hers in the past, he had been actuated by a more powerful motive even than clerical duty.

She remembered now that when he had come to the parish, directly after the rector fell ill, he had seemed to pray for her and preach to her ; but though he had then made her aware of the fact, that she was a sinner, it was only to-day that he had clearly pointed out to her the path of righteousness. She also was to labour for those afflicted in mind, body, or estate.

When she went downstairs Laura had determined that she would labour to the best of her ability for those in adversity ; and during the days that followed, the light of love shone in her eyes, roses bloomed upon her cheeks, and there was a supple grace in her every motion, as she played the part of a ministering angel to the poor. Still, at this time she suffered ; for she deemed herself unworthy of the man who had bidden her begin a new life, and one full of self-sacrifice.

Misery begets equality ; and only those who can go to the houses of the poor as a sister in suffering, can really sympathize with them in their distress.

Mrs. Simmons was Laura's adviser and helped the young girl to understand what were the real wants and necessities of her poorer neighbours ; and though the woman never gave wrong advice, yet she managed to take advantage of her position. She herself was the first person to be relieved, her baby was nursed back to health and strength, her husband's sufferings were alleviated as much as was possible, and the little general shop prospered exceedingly when it became known amongst the villagers that customers were always liberally assisted in case of sickness or accident. Laura, in fact, became the Lady Bountiful of the village ; and, speaking in metaphor, Mrs. Simmons was her purse-bearer.

The young girl often met the curate when she was going on her round of mercy, but she scarcely dared to raise her eyes to his, and he passed her by with a bow and a "Good morning, Miss Evelyn."

When the soul has but recently awoken from slumber, religion is as vague as the message from heaven which may be read on the face of a new-born babe ; and Laura addressed her prayers to a deity whom she pictured to herself as a Reverend James Sylvanus Harris with a halo. Nevertheless, the ability to be of some use to her less fortunate neighbours was granted to the earnest supplicant.



THE YOUNG GIRL OFTEN MET THE CURATE, WHEN SHE WAS GOING ON HER ROUND OF MERCY.



The alteration in Laura was noticed by her parents. The mother, with that power of observation which maternal love confers, was the first to become aware of the change; and her womanly intuition soon gave her a shrewd idea as to the cause. Her father was chiefly surprised to notice, upon the part of his daughter, a predilection for works of theology and an aversion to backgammon.

Mrs. Evelyn was a genial, well-developed woman of five-and-forty; and she would gladly have made any sacrifice in order to ensure the happiness of her only child. She had always had plenty of money, and never having felt either the pinch of poverty or a desire to shine in a society superior to that in which she had been accustomed to move, she did not set great store by a super-abundance of wealth. Her husband, she knew well, had enough and to spare; and she herself could, if necessary, let the young couple have a few hundreds a year out of the thousand which her separate estate produced. She wanted to marry her daughter so as not to lose her; and she thought that, if Laura married the curate, he would always remain at Haversham, and she could see her darling every day.

Her consent, therefore, was won before it was asked; and, indeed, when she had ascertained that the curate had said nothing definite, she began to hunt down the bridegroom elect with an assiduity worthy of a Belgravian matron with numerous dowerless daughters. She asked him constantly to the Hall, favoured him with her views on matters in general, and pecuniary matters in particular; and one day the young cleric timidly confessed to her that he had once almost ventured to propose to Miss Laura, who had scarcely taken any notice of him since, though she had kindly taken great

interest in the parish affairs in consequence of a request that he made upon the same occasion. Then the good woman felt that the happiness of her daughter was secure, and she left the rest for time and the curate to effect.

Mr. Evelyn had made his money as a brewer, and was not admitted to the society of his country neighbours; but though he had few acquaintances and less friends, he did not take kindly to the curate, who was ignorant of the mysteries of backgammon, and whose knowledge of agriculture was limited to what he had gleaned from the classics. The wealthy, corpulent, fox-hunting squire and the Reverend James Sylvanus Harris, who was the son of the

vicar of a London parish, had no topic of interest in common; and Mr. Evelyn much preferred the society of the rector, who, though too old and infirm for much clerical work, could still throw the dice, and eagerly discuss the growing crops, and recall



AN INTERESTING GAME OF BACKGAMMON.

glorious runs with the hoands in the days when they were both lighter in the saddle.

Nevertheless, the curate was invited to eat his Christmas dinner at the Hall; and after the midnight service on New Year's eve, Mrs. Evelyn took the rector's arm, whilst the curate followed with Laura.

Laura had listened attentively to the curate's sermon, and during the few minutes allowed for silent prayer, ere the new year began, she had determined to love her neighbour as herself and to devote her life entirely to the service of others.

She walked on silently, by the curate's side, for some time; and when, in one breath, he talked to her of human love and divine law, a flood of words fell from her tongue, and she told him how she had been moved by his sermon, and what a resolve she had taken.

Then, in words which admitted of no doubt as to their meaning, he asked her to be his wife, telling her what opportunities for self-sacrifice such a marriage would afford her ; and she accepted his offer, partly, indeed, because she loved him, but still more because it seemed to her that marriage with a clergyman, who really preached what she felt to be the true doctrine of Christ, would bring her nearer unto God.

Mr. Evelyn, however, would not accept the curate as his son-in-law. He was, if compared with his neighbours, a big man, in mind, body, and estate ; and he was wont to look down, not without contempt, upon little men in general, and the rather diminutive curate in particular. Why the squire entertained this particular aversion, he would probably have found it difficult to explain ; but the reason, nevertheless, was simple and sufficient : the reverend gentleman preferred to listen to the simple conversation of Mrs. Evelyn rather than to the worldly wisdom of the retired brewer ; and when the latter would look down at the curate, the curate would look up, and his expressive countenance would almost say, "I would do all in the world to please you : but my nature forces me to look higher

even than you ; and I find in your wife and daughter some sparks, at any rate, of the light of heaven."

The squire certainly considered himself the first in his household ; and he was not quite big enough to be able to bear, without resentment, the knowledge of the fact that someone did not appreciate him at his full value. He was not as sensitive as a poet-aster or even as a poet ; but still, nature had not endowed him with the hide of a rhinoceros. So Laura and her mother suffered.

Women have much more to suffer than falls to the lot of men ; sorrow comes to them, and they cannot as easily escape as men can, and, indeed, they seldom even make the attempt.

To feel, to love, and to suffer, seems to a woman her lot in life ; and Laura was not unwilling to be a martyr for love. She could suffer her father's anger and all else for Sylvie's sake ; it was by his second name, Sylvanus, not as prosaic James, that she thought of him ; and since opposition had strengthened her affection, it was the man, not the curate, that she loved,



LAURA CAME DOWN THE AISLE LEANING ON HER HUSBAND'S ARM.



Laura's face became sad and wan, and though her mother endeavoured to afford her consolation, still the girl would not be comforted. She was not allowed to go her round amongst the poor, lest she should meet the curate ; and it seemed to her that she was shut out from the higher life which she longed to lead. All that she could do was to allow Mrs. Simmons to distribute her liberal allowance of pocket money, and to divide her time between sad thought and earnest prayer.

The squire in time also gave way to melancholy. He noticed that Laura, whom he dearly loved, was pale and unhappy, and his evenings were very dull, for the rector was ill in bed, and there was no one to play an interesting game of backgammon with him. It is true that his wife was obedient and always ready to throw the dice when he invited her to share his game of games ; but she did not take sufficient pains to conceal the fact, that she did not mind whether she won or lost, and she was so unskilful, both at the English and Polish varieties of backgammon, that a victory over her seemed nothing to be proud of, though defeat, caused by infectious carelessness, meant disgrace.

One evening, having suffered such a reverse, he threw down the dice and hastened to the rectory, and whilst the invalid sat up in bed and played with him, he allowed himself to be persuaded that he could not afford to part with his daughter to a stranger, and that consequently what had happened was all for the best.

After this, it was not long before the rector was called upon to read the marriage service for the young couple ; and when Laura came down the aisle, leaning upon

her husband's arm, it seemed to her that her path to Heaven was to be strewn with roses.

Marriage to a young girl means the beginning of another act in the drama of life. The scene is changed ; and, if the players remain the same as before, one, at least, lays aside the comedian's mask.

To Laura the change of scene, from the Hall to the Dower House, was unimportant ; but when, at one and the same time, she saw the curate as he really was, and began to read his part, she suffered a severe shock.

She had expected to find the Reverend James Sylvanus Harris an angel in all but the wings ; but the curate was in reality of the world and the flesh, and, indeed, his portion of the latter increased considerably in bulk soon after his marriage. He was fond of a good dinner, and could appreciate a good glass of wine ; and, though he drank with moderation, he never put any restraint upon his large and increasing appetite. He continued his clerical work, it is true, using Laura's pony trap when he went on his rounds to his parishioners ; but he showed no excessive zeal for their welfare ; he opened to Laura no fresh vistas of heavenly life, and he

did not even strive to conceal the fact that, at any rate, a part of his sanctity was put on and taken off as easily as his clerical garb.

In her trouble Laura could go neither to her mother nor to Mrs. Simmons for comfort ; all that she could do was to devote more and more of her time and income to the poor, until at last her husband complained of her excessive zeal ; and then there was only the weak woman's resource—tears.



THE AWAKENING.

It seemed to her that she could only pray and weep, and weep and pray, until in heaven's good time death should bring her release.

She had promised to love, honour, and obey; and the task, which she had undertaken, now appeared too difficult for the weak and weary woman.

Work, however, is the true panacea for the ills of the heart, and in time her labours for the poor afforded Laura a refuge and a consolation.

Time, too, brought other changes. The husband of Mrs. Simmons died; and the widow, who still enjoyed Laura's confidence, prospered exceedingly, as she not only supplied the Hall and the Dower House, but also did a good business with the villagers and farmers around. Death also summoned the rector, who had been unable to do any clerical work since he had officiated at the marriage of his curate; and the living, which was in the gift of Mr. Evelyn, was offered to, and accepted by, Laura's husband.

The Rectory was a better residence than the Dower House, and the young couple decided to move.

There was much packing up to be done; and, as usual, Laura did most of the work. Turning over old papers she came across some letters which had been addressed to the curate by a college friend of his. The first she read told her that her husband had been an Agnostic at Oxford, and had entered the Church because it afforded him an opportunity of earning a living immediately; and from the rest of the correspondence she gleaned that he had deliberately set to work to woo her because her father was wealthy, and

that he had formed a regular plan of campaign to win her and her parents' consent. Religion, too, in this, had been a means to an end.

Laura lowered her head to this fresh sorrow, and suffered in silence. As to the curate, he did not even notice that she was sad, except at times when he scolded her. He had won all he had striven for, and now he did not value any one of his numerous possessions. His idle, aimless life had grown wearisome and unattractive; and he had almost had enough of it, and quite enough of his wife.

Scarlet fever came to the village and Laura's services were wanted, and she worked for the poor by night and by day, forgetting her own sorrows whilst alleviating the sufferings of others. She gave herself no rest and had no fear of the infection, and the disease spared her, until most of her patients were convalescent. Then it struck her down.

Mrs. Evelyn and Mrs. Simmons nursed the young wife; and the husband, who feared the infection, stayed away from her bedside, and kept a cigar in his mouth



WHILST THE CURATE KNELT IN PRAYER, THE CRISIS PASSED.



almost all day as a preventive of the disease he dreaded.

One night, however, his mother-in-law told him to go to his wife's room, and would listen to no excuses. She called Mrs. Simmons away, too, and left husband and wife alone.

Laura was delirious, and she was calling upon him to save himself. All the fountain of love, so long pent-up, now flowed from her loosened tongue; and as he stayed and listened to her words, he learned how earnestly she had played her part.

That she knew how he had played his, he learned, too; and then, as his wife ceased to talk coherently, he felt how unworthy he was of her love, and began to love her.

The two women returned, and he felt ashamed before them; but how much or

how little they knew, he never ascertained. If they had a secret, they kept it well.


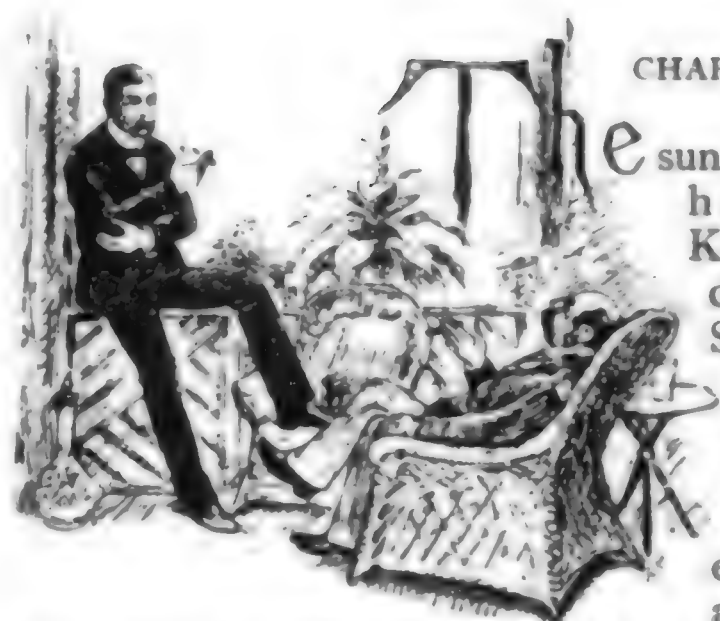
They told him that the crisis had come; and he kissed Laura's forehead, fearing no danger, and prayed as he had never prayed before.

The suppliant was neither a great nor a good man, and the boon for which he asked was the one thing that, come weal, come woe, is worth the loss of all else in this world: still, whilst yet he prayed, the crisis passed, and Laura stayed to guide his footsteps from darkness unto day, and he was granted that supreme and perfect gift of heaven, by which life upon earth becomes transfigured and divine.

Love that had grown decrepit and old was born again, to grow stronger and stronger until, with the soul it saved, angels shall bear it aloft to the realm of bliss.



# HONEY- MOON HALL

## CHAPTER I.

The sun strikes hot at Kurrachee, in Scinde. It is true that Hyderabad, a hun-

dred miles further in the desert, claims to be hotter still, but this claim the Kurracheites attribute to a mendacious rivalry, such as may have existed between the Cities of the Plain, as to which got the biggest shower of brimstone. Kurrachee is built upon the sand, and sand is a terrible spoil-sport. With no pig-sticking, no shooting, and no cricket, except on sand puddled into asphalte, the chief amusements of the British warrior are brandy and soda, and flirtation. Kurrachee is the love-makingest station in all the glowing east, and the love-making is of the sort that ends in surplises and white favours—not of malice aforethought on the part of the men, but because there is no help for them. There is sand all round, and they cannot run. The wary mother of marriageable “spins” knows this, and regards Kurrachee with the calm content of a huntsman, who has got all his earths nicely stopped. She bears down upon the sand-girt cantonments with confidence, and justifies it by keeping the station chaplain busy tying up bachelors, for whose horoscope the sun in conjunction with Virgo has been one too many.

Thus it was that a great want came to be felt at Kurrachee in Scinde. The all-enveloping sand, which had played Cupid's game right up to the tinkling of the marriage bell, rounded on the chubby god the moment the register was signed, and became a positive nuisance. There was no place to spend the honeymoon in. In that great sandy plain, the acquisition of which cost England oceans of blood, and one awful pun—grim old Charlie Napier's “*Peccavi*”—there was not an oasis big enough to accommodate the smallest pair of love-birds that ever billed in a cage. It was no use going up to Hyderabad in search of seclusion, because it wasn't there. The garrison at Hyderabad was simply a detachment of one of the regiments stationed at Kurrachee, and its members would have hailed the advent of a pair of honeymooners much as the inhabitants of a sleepy Spanish town welcome a bull bait. The earlier victims of the managing mamma had to go through the ordeal of spending the honeymoon in their own bungalows, right under the guns of mothers-in-law and brother officers.

At length the grumbles of rapidly-mating couples grew so loud and long, that they reached the ears of one Cowasjee Readymoney Bottlewallah—an astute Parsee financier, with an eye to the main chance. Cowasjee set about rectifying matters in a truly commercial spirit. He selected a site five miles out in the desert, wrested it from its lawful owners, the jackals, and there builded and furnished a large bungalow, which he dubbed Honeymoon Hall. From that day to this Honeymoon Hall has lived up to its nomenclature, and Cowasjee Readymoney Bottlewallah's rupee bags have grown plethoric.



Of all the officers in Her Majesty's 200th Foot who arrived at Kurrachee in a state of single blessedness, only two remained who had not passed through a period of retirement at Honeymoon Hall. Grizzly majors and smart lieutenants, escaped scatheless from the garrison belles of Dublin, fell in battues before the sand-assisted "spins" of Kurrachee in Scinde. But Colonel Spriggins and Charlie Hancock remained as yet uncaptured—solitary monuments to the once invincible bachelorhood of the regiment. The chief was a confirmed woman-hater, and never gave the ladies a chance, while the gay lieutenant was such an arrant flirt that the most strategic mamma could not lay him by the heels. Indeed, it was said that he had carried the war into the enemy's camp, and had left sore hearts behind him. The Colonel and Hancock sat in the verandah of the mess bungalow. It was the day before the regimental ball, and the two were discussing arrangements.

"Look here," growled the Colonel at last, "I hope to goodness, Hancock, you won't go and get floored to-morrow night. If you let one of these artful hussies nab you, I shall take it as a personal insult. I must have one unmarried man in the regiment, besides myself, for common decency's sake."

"Right you are, Colonel," laughed Charlie; "never fear for me. We'll be the last of the Mohicans together—but I mean to have my bit of fun to-morrow all the same."

"Can't see what you want to go philandering about for," replied the Colonel. "There's that Miss What's-her-name—Bella Beamish, isn't it?—she's got her knife into you tight. She'll land you, as sure as fate, if you ain't spry."

"She is a dear little thing," said Hancock, "but her mother's a terror. Not much chance for Bella with such an encumbrance as the old woman hanging to her."

The chief dived into his peg glass. When he came out again he answered oracularly: "It's my private opinion, Charlie, that the

widow is just as busy on her own account, as on her daughter's."

## CHAPTER II.

Hidden in a maze of imported greenery, the string band of the 200th was reeling out waltz after waltz. The Assembly Rooms were full to overflowing. That astute Parsee financier, Cowasjee Readymoney Bottlewallah, who monopolized most of the Kurrachee good things, had the contract for the refreshments on the pay-for-what-is-consumed system, and was hard at it, spurring his band of white-turbaned waiters to keep the demand up to the supply. Cowasjee was ubiquitous, and in high glee. A regimental hop generally brought fresh tenants to Honeymoon Hall.

Behind a group of palms in one of the recesses a pair of tired dancers were sitting out. If they were not tired they ought to have been, for out of the eleven items on the programme that had been negotiated, they had danced nine—together. There was an air of proprietorship about the lady, and of suppressed excitement about the gentleman, which would have agitated the Colonel had he seen them.

Luckily he had settled himself at the whist table in one of the ante-rooms, and was religiously keeping out of the way of "those women."

There had apparently been an argument between the two behind the palms. The gentleman had evidently carried his point.

"Well, that's all settled, then," said he. "I'll tell the *padre* to be ready at the church at eight on Monday morning, and we'll get it done strictly on the quiet. I should never have the face to break it to old Spriggins after the way I've vowed never to—"

"But you silly Charlie," interrupted Miss Beamish, "the Colonel is bound to know all about it long before we come back to the lines. Besides, you'll have to get leave."

"Oh, I'll tell the old boy I'm going to hunt sandflies in the desert—specimens, you



THE WARY MOTHER AT KURRACHEE.

know. I don't mind tackling him afterwards. It's his wrath on first hearing of it that I funk."

"And what am I to do about poor mamma with all this secrecy? Isn't she to know about it till afterwards?"

"Certainly not. She won't mind; I'm very sure of that. And, Bella, dearest, that gives me a chance to say something. I've always had a horror of mothers-in-law. I shall be glad to do the civil to Mrs. Beamish, but I can't consent to live with her, you know—not for a single day. A mother-in-law under the same roof is the—I mean she's a 'dinner of herbs to a stalled ox,' or something of that sort, as somebody says."

"Charlie, I believe that cantankerous old Colonel has made you as bad as himself; but, I suppose, I must be dutiful and give in. And, Charlie!"

"Yes, dearest."

"Poor mamma is rather trying at times."

"Hm, you find her so?" answered Charlie diplomatically.

"What are they dancing now? Come, let's take another turn."

The Colonel's rubber was finished; so was the magnum of Pol Roger which had aided and abetted the game. Had it not been for sundry tremours on his favourite sub's behalf, the chief would have been in a tolerably complacent frame of mind. As it was, he thought he would take a peep into the ball-room, and see if his partner in celibacy was in danger.

"By the god of war he's dancing with her still," ejaculated the Colonel from the doorway, "and he was dancing with her two hours ago. I must get round and read the Mutiny Act before it's too late."

The irate warrior

backed into the corridor with the intention of making a detour, and so getting to the other end of the ball-room without having to traverse it. He had caught sight of the fair Bella's mother seated there, and thither Hancock would be certain to take his partner when the dance was finished. That was the likeliest spot to effect the capture of the renegade.

But as Spriggins disappeared from the doorway to start on his round, a lady rose from among the chaperons at the other end of the room and slipped out of the door nearest to her—the one for which the Colonel was making. Thus it was that he espied a female form, no longer young, but not without pretensions of the Widow Wadman order, advancing to meet him along the corridor. Nobody else was in sight except the portly Cowasjee Ready-money Bottlewallah, who hovered, omnipresent, in the distance.

"Oh, Colonel Spriggins," said the lady,



BEHIND A GROUP OF PALMS IN ONE OF THE RECESSES



as they met, "do show me which is the cloak room. I've lost my handkerchief, and want to get another out of my hand bag."

It was too bad to be stopped like this. The Colonel grunted something unintelligible and opened the door of one of the rooms on the opposite side of the passage. Here was a vast array of feminine wraps neatly ticketed, a few stray powder puffs before a cheval glass, and a tray full of pins. But the attendant told off to keep track of the finery was not there. Cowasjee's myrmidon had deserted his post to smoke the pipe of peace in the compound outside.

"Where's the confounded nigger?" groaned poor Spriggins, as he surveyed the piles of wraps.

"Oh, never mind the nigger, Colonel," replied his companion politely. "You'll do just as well. Come, let's have a regular good hunt together. We'll be like 'The Babes in the Wood.'"

"'Babes in the Wood,' be—" began the wretched man, and turned to flee in search of the attendant—too late.

The door of the cloak room shut to with a click; the lock was shot from the outside; and the great financier, Cowasjee Readymoney Bottlewallah, shambled off down the corridor with the key in his pocket and a fatherly smile on his bulky countenance.

"By the Lord of Fire," murmured the Parsee to himself, "the Colonel is weak and the Mem-sahib is very strong. In a quarter of an hour she will propose marriage to him. Tenants have been scarce of late, and business must be attended to."

### CHAPTER III.

Cowasjee Readymoney Bottlewallah sat in his go-down surrounded by bales of "Europe" goods. To him entered a Hindoo Khitmutghar—Ramasawmy Bux by name—a personage with white garments and a shifty eye. After greetings duly exchanged, the body servant, being bidden, seated him-

self on a heap of carpets and took up his parable:

"Ramasawmy Bux is commanded by him whom it is his privilege to serve—Hancock Sahib of Pultan zoo—to seek the Mountain of Commerce, Cowasjee, and to make business with him of importance."

The Parsee beamed benevolence upon his guest. "Is it sherry wine, O Ramasawmy, that thy lord requires, or the blacking of the sahibs Day and Martin? Peradventure, it is the biscuits of Huntleypalmer sahib that his soul lusteth after? Lo! all these things have I at a price, Ramasawmy—at a price which shall leave thee a fair commission."

"Thy servant is grateful," replied the Khitmutghar, "and will earn the commission which the great merchant offers; but not, O Cowasjee, upon sherry wine or

blacking, or even upon the tin biscuit. Hancock sahib has greater things in view. The sahib is about to take to wife—whisper it not in the bazaar, O Cowasjee, for it is as secret as thy Towers of Silence—he is about to take to wife a beautiful Missee sahib—the daughter of the Mem-sahib Beamish. He would fain hire of thee for

the month of sweetness the bungalow in the desert known as Honeymoon. Can Ramasawmy tell him that the place shall be prepared by the coming Monday?"

Cowasjee Readymoney Bottlewallah's mild brown orbs twinkled.

"Ho, ho!" he laughed, "so Hancock sahib has yielded to bright eyes at last. It is good, but I fear much, O Ramasawmy, that thy master comes too late to ask for Honeymoon Hall. It was let only yesterday for a month from Monday next, to another sahib, whose illustrious name I am not at liberty to mention."

Ramasawmy looked downcast. How about his commission? He brightened again as Mr. Cowasjee proceeded:

"But as you know, O Ramasawmy, I have much sympathy for those whom the



"OH, COLONEL SPRIGGINS," SAID THE LADY

moon goddess has struck silly. I will arrange this matter, for the bungalow is large. Think you that your master would be happy with the half of Honeymoon Hall?"

"Thy servant believes that the sahib would be happy *anywhere*."

"Well, then," said Cowasjee, "go to him and say that Honeymoon Hall is at his disposal, and bring me back a month's rent—200 rupees—in advance, of which sum ten rupees shall be thine own *dustoor*, O Ramasawmy. Then when the sahib reaches the bungalow in the desert—for I suppose so faithful a servant will accompany his master—say to him that the half of Honeymoon Hall has been let to another party. The moon goddess will have made him so silly that he will forget in his bliss that he has paid for the whole. Thus will there be infinite joy for him and for me and for thee, O Ramasawmy."

"But," said the Khitmutghar, "if the angel of wrath descends upon the other sahib who has rented the Honeymoon Hall?"

"That, O Ramasawmy, is a contingency which the moon goddess must also be trusted to prevent," replied the invincible Cowasjee.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was Monday morning at Kurrachee in Scinde. A two-horse gharry went bumping over the trackless sandhills in the direction of Honeymoon Hall. The occupants were tolerably calm for an enterprising couple who had kept secret tryst with the chaplain in the solitude of the station church.

"And how did you manage the Colonel, Charlie," asked the lady; "what did he say to your application for leave?"

"Took it like a lamb. I can't think what's up with old Spriggins, the last day or two; he seems dazed, or cowed, or something. He never asked a question, but gave me a month without a murmur. Seemed glad to get rid of me in fact."

"Horrid old bear! I wonder if he knows anything yet?" replied the late Miss Beamish.

"If he doesn't, he's not likely to know



"THY SERVANT IS GRATEFUL," REPLIED THE KHITMUTGHAR.

for some weeks," said Hancock. "He's going away for a month's leave himself, this morning, he told me. To Bombay, I suppose, as the steamer leaves to-day. But what about your mother, Bella; did she suspect anything, do you think?"

"I'm sure she didn't. I carried out the programme religiously. My ayah is to tell her that I've gone out on a day's boating excursion in the harbour with the Desborough's. She is not to give mamma my note explaining matters till the evening."

"I see; and then, of course, there will be the deuce to pay. The old lady will be delighted, and will commence arrangements to come and live with us on our return. But, Bella, dear, you remember what I said about that, don't you?"

"Yes; and now I'm married I mean to retaliate by cutting that dreadful old Colonel. He did his best to prevent the match, Charlie."

"Oh! you mustn't be hard on poor old Spriggins; but here we are."

Honeymoon Hall is a great rambling one-storied bungalow, with the usual verandah running all round it. It is built upon slightly rising ground, and has a splendid range of view, the leading feature in which is sandy desert. Five miles off, throbbing in the sultry atmosphere, can be seen the distant minarets and barracks of Kurrachee, but beyond this there is nothing to show that Cowasjee's suburban speculation is not in the centre of the Great Sahara. Not a tree to relieve the eye, not a blade of grass to suggest the presence of water—not a sign of animal life but the melancholy music of the jackals, who howl outside the compound wall the live-



long night. Such is the best kind of seclusion that can be managed for the worshippers of Hymen at Kurrachee.

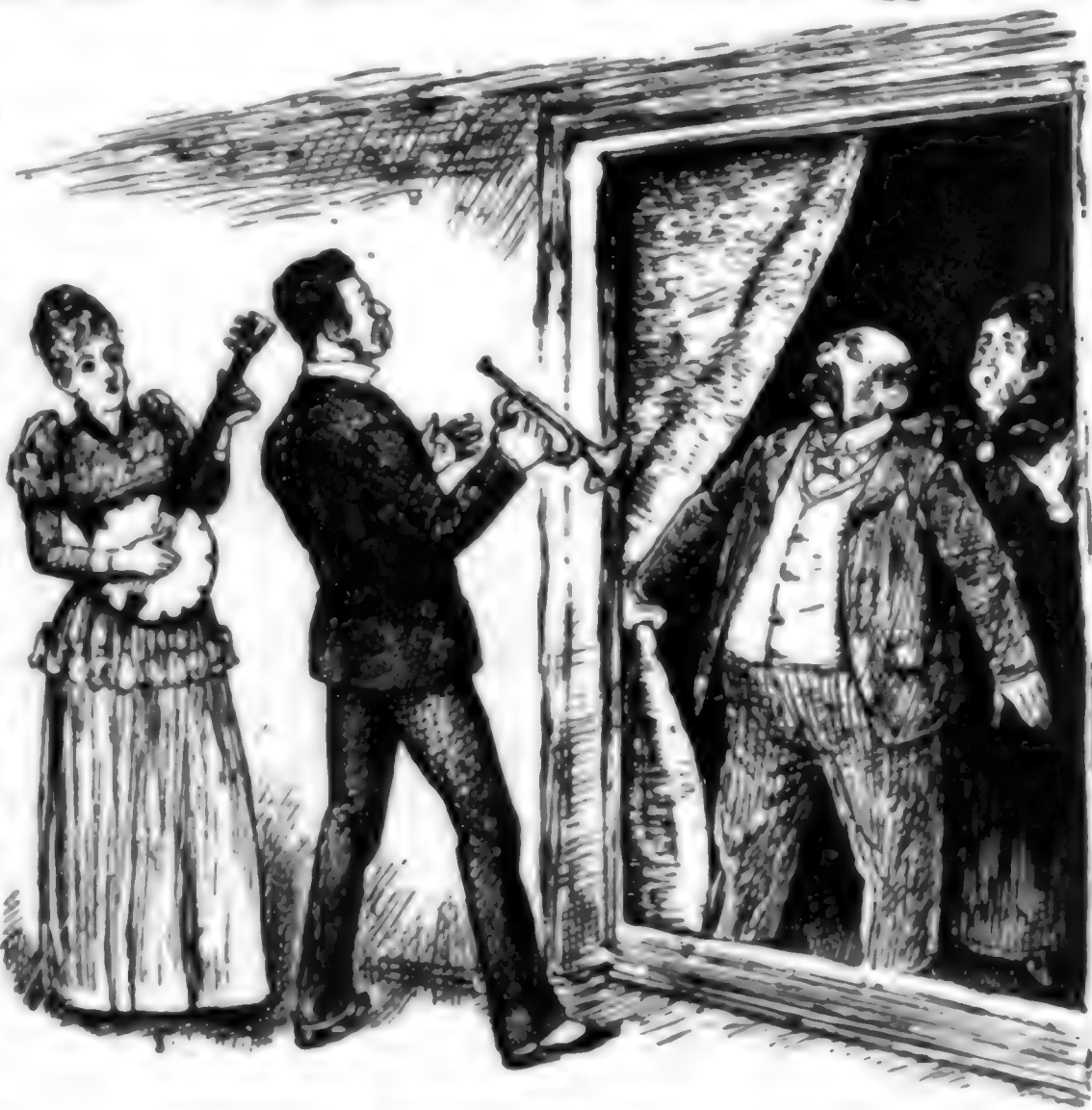
Ramasawmy Bux stood in the verandah to welcome his master and mistress. As the eyes of the mild Hindoo fell upon the unruffled visage of the bridegroom his heart was smitten with a great fear. Ramasawmy was not a co-religionist of Cowasjee Readymoney Bottlewallah, and his faith in the powers of the moon goddess to strike his master silly had all along been halting. But when he saw the matter-of-fact demeanour of the happy pair, doubt became certainty, and he felt that the moon goddess had failed him. The sahib would be savage when he was informed that he was only a part tenant of Honeymoon Hall, and that another pair of occupants were to arrive later in the day. Something more material than the moon goddess must be summoned to his aid, and about the most material thing Ramasawmy could think of was a good, solid, four-cornered lie.

Now, when a Hindoo lies to save his bacon, he lies without thought of ulterior consequences. Immediate immunity from the sahib's toe-caps is what he puts before him as the one and only goal. Inevitable discovery does not enter into his calculations, and he lies with a reckless disregard of the morrow's toe-caps, provided he can escape those of to-day. Ramasawmy's lie, promoted *vice* the moon goddess superseded for absence without leave, took to itself, like an older practitioner, the form of a serpent. With hands raised to forehead, and stooping in deep salaam, the Khitmutghar approached the carriage and addressed Hancock, not in the vernacular in which he had conversed

with Cowasjee, but in the English of the bazaars.

"Sahib, it is my sadness to tell master a misfortune considerably large. Master and Mem-sahib must keep this side the house. Other side great tremendous cobra loose, in the floor, with his wife and whole heap of little cobras. Floor very rotten, and they pop in and out like thingumbob. This side, floor all right. Master and Mem-sahib quite comprehensibly safe."

"All right, Ramasawmy," replied Hancock carelessly; "I daresay we'll find a way to clear the place of snakes. But, as you say, it will be better to keep this side of the house till the beggars are killed."



"THERE STOOD THE MISOGAMIST SPRIGGINS AND BELLA'S MAMMA."

By tiffin time the bride and bridegroom had settled down into their new quarters, and had explored that part of Honeymoon Hall which Ramasawmy's fiction had reserved to them. After the meal Charlie began to cast about for something to do, and be-thought him of the cobras.

"Look here, Bellissima," said he, "let's go and have some fun with those snakes."

The reptiles

dote on music, and I've brought my banjo and a key bugle. We'll have a private snake-charming séance in the Hindoo style, and fetch 'em out of their holes."

"But I can't play the banjo or the bugle, and I'm not sure that I'm not afraid of snakes," replied Mrs. Hancock.

"Oh, you can just tum the banjo anyhow, and I'll give them a tune on the bugle. It's the quantity, not the quality of the music that fetches them. We will keep in the verandah; then you can bolt if the brutes get lively."

The instruments were brought, and the happy pair stole along the verandah round the corner of the bungalow towards the

snake-infested rooms. Outside a window that was veiled with a cuss-cuss tatty the amateur snake charmers paused.

"This room will do," said Hancock ; "we'll start the music first, and then peep through the blind, and see if there are any results."

The bride twanged the banjo ; the bridegroom put his soul into the bugle, and between them they raised such a din that the jackals afar off in their dens must have imagined that a rival tribe of their own species had taken possession of Honeymoon Hall. But not for long. In another moment silence—grim, awful, terrible silence—reigned over those desert solitudes. For the cuss-cuss tatty was torn aside, and there, astounded and speechless, stood the misogynist Spriggins and Bella's mamma.

The two parties glared at each other without a word. Then the tatty was dropped.

"By Jove, its a duplicate job," was the chief snake charmer's sole remark as he led his partner back to review the position.

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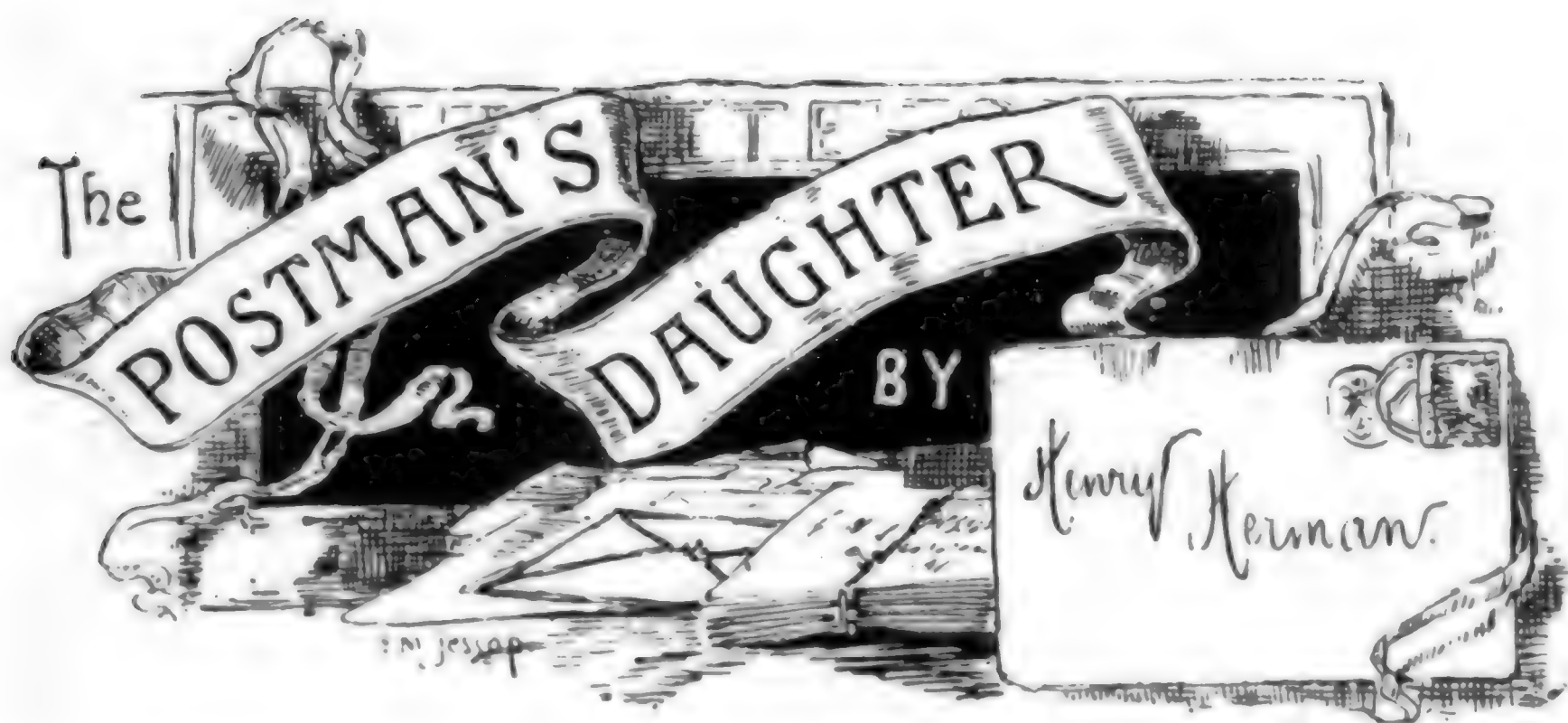
No history of the subsequent proceedings at the Hall is to be found in any trustworthy archives. Colonel and Mrs. Spriggins returned to Kurrachee fully three weeks before Lieutenant and Mrs. Hancock, preferring, it is supposed, the congratulations of the cantonment to the state of society which prevailed at Honeymoon Hall. The only extant explanation of the speedy departure of the elder tenants is to be found in a remark which the Lieutenant afterwards addressed to Mr. Cowasjee Ready-money Bottlewallah :

"No, you old scoundrel, I shan't sue you for the balance of the rent. I took it out of the Colonel."



READYMONEY BOTTLEWALLAH SMILED





## CHAPTER II.



IDA sat there for some moments with that letter in her hand, turning it over and over again, and not knowing what she was doing. She sat there icily, stonily. The terrible surprise had deadened her senses, and she shivered in the summer sunlight which streamed past the little red curtains of the window. Without there, in the little garden, in the fields, in the meadows beyond, shone the summer glory in all its brightest peace and happiness. The birds chirruped be-

neath the eaves of the cottage, and high up among the poplars a thrush piped his silver-toned melody. All was so bright, so peaceful, so simply and unaffectedly happy. Smiling fields of ripening corn—the gardens aglow with the colour of plenty, and, just beyond there, a herd of cattle browsing silently.

Ida looked out upon all this, and knew not what she saw. Her despair had wrapped

itself around her heart like a cold and humid sheet, and had chilled her.

She had sinned, and sinned to no purpose. Her Walter was, perhaps, at this very moment rushing towards his fate, and she had stumbled on the road to save him.

She blamed herself for having been too hasty, for not having been courageous enough in the cause of her danger-threatened lover. She blamed herself for not having boasted nerves of iron, and fingers strong as knitted steel. Her touch should have been unfailing, her eyesight like the eagle's, in discovering what was right and what was not. She had groped about blindly, recklessly, carelessly, and had brought disaster upon herself and upon Walter. And in spite of all the summer glory, she was cold; a shiver ran through her bones, and she drew her arms tightly to her hips, and, dropping the letter into her lap, clasped her hands, muttering, "Oh, God, what shall I do? What shall I do? Advise me, guide me now!"

Mrs. Scawby appeared at the kitchen door, holding a stone, metal-covered jug in her hand.

"Look at that," the old lady said, thrusting the jug forward so that the metal cover clapped against the stone. "If it ain't too bad! Just look at it. I've been and cleaned that cover only half an hour ago. But now look at it, look at it, I say."

Ida looked up for a second, and gazed at the old woman listlessly, wistfully.

"Look at it," Mrs. Scawby continued in her wrath, turning the jug so that the sunlight fell upon the tarnished surface of the metal cover. "That was as bright as a looking-glass half an hour ago, and now it

looks as if you'd dragged it across a dirty doormat."

"Why, what is the matter, auntie? Who has done it?" the girl enquired, hardly knowing what she was saying.

"That's your father, my dear," Mrs. Scawby replied sneeringly. "He had to draw his beer in the jug that I've just cleaned."

"But, auntie," the girl remonstrated, "he has to draw his beer in something or other, and a tumbler is too small."

"You're always defending him," the old lady retorted. "That's always the way. He can't do no wrong, your father can't. You wait till you get a home of your own, and see what you'll say when your Walter turns the house upside down just when you've been and done and cleaned it. I've had my whack of married life. Twenty-seven years of it, my dear. But I knowed what's what, and Scawby wouldn't no more have dared to do a thing like that than fly. I kept the whip hand over him, my dear. Bah! I hate men. They're the cause of all the mischief in this world."

Ida had turned her tearful face towards her aunt, and the latter saw that she was white and trembling.

"Goodness, gracious me!" the old lady exclaimed. "What's the matter with you? You're as white as a sheet. Come—come here this minute, and let me have a look at you."

"It's nothing that you can help, auntie," Ida rejoined. "I am ill. I shall be better in a moment."

"But I ain't agoing——"

"Leave me to myself, auntie," the girl pleaded. "Do leave me. I shall be all right."

The old lady saw that her interference was not desired, and mumbling something about "soft nonsense," and that "she was sure there had been a lover's quarrel," she returned to her kitchen.

The short interruption

had brought one good result to Ida. It had roused her faculties to a perception of what she had done, and of the dangers that threatened herself, her father, and her lover, through her failure.

Her duty to her father first of all. It was against him she had sinned. That letter was marked "Urgent and private." She turned it over and over in her hand, and she felt it between her fingers. It seemed to her to contain an enclosure of some kind that rustled. This was probably pure imagination on the girl's part, but it impressed itself forcibly upon her mind.

"That letter may be valuable and dad may be charged with stealing it," she said to herself.

Stealing it! He was so scrupulously honest, so upright. He would die with



"IF IT AIN'T TOO BAD!" THE OLD LADY SAID.



shame and grief at the mere thought of a suspicion against himself. She looked about her with haggard eyes. Oh, for somebody to advise her—for somebody to guide her inexperienced mind in this terrible dilemma. Oh, for somebody to lead her on to the right path.

There was one way. She might take that letter to the post-office and throw it into the box there. But then she might be seen. Her father might see her, and he would charge her with her wrong to him, and, perhaps, never forgive her. Or she might take it back to the box in the wall of the tannery. There, again, was danger, for she always gave her own letters to her father, and there would be no collection from that box until late in the evening.

"Private and urgent." What did it mean? Was delay dangerous? Was delay injurious to the writer or to the intended recipient of that letter? She knew not. Her heart beat in a wild riot, and her lips trembled, and her fingers shook. She felt sick, and when she rose and tried to reach the door she nearly staggered.

The fresh air at the door revived her. She allowed the morning breeze to roll about her face, and seemed to drink new vigour with each breath. She sank down on that same little bench on which she had witnessed the approach of her father.

Then, on a sudden, she remembered that this state of fear and doubt was in itself burdened with danger. She must be brave. She must collect her wits, and think clearly—consider the case in all its bearings, and do what was right.

Yes, that was the thing—to do what was right. The words sounded like the strokes of a sonorous gong upon her mind. Do what was right—that was the task she had to set herself. Do what was right and brave all. She would save her Walter, if possible, but she would do what was right, and her Walter himself would praise her for it. He was honest and honourable, and she felt now, for the first time, that he himself, might, perhaps, have blamed the manner in which she had attempted to succour him.

With that calm decision her power of reasoning returned to her. Her knowledge of the postal arrangements of the district stood her in good stead. Mr. Ashington's letter, which her father had carried to the post-office, would have left Westwood by the ten o'clock mail, and would be delivered in Kilburn certainly not before eleven.

Mr. Bembridge would receive it a little before twelve most likely, and he would come to Westwood by the early afternoon train, as he nearly always did. She might travel to London, and reach Kilburn long before the time when Mr. Bembridge would have left his office.

Yes! Her mind was made up. She would go to London and give that letter into Mr. Bembridge's own hands. She would confess her guilt to him and ask him to forgive her. She would tell him the whole truth—the naked truth—which Walter was endeavouring to hide. She would show him how guiltless her lover was and ask him to have pity—to grant Walter the delay which would save him. Mr. Ashington would not mind if his accountant came a day later, and all would be well.

She turned over in her mind the reports she had heard about Mr. Bembridge. In Westwood he was spoken about as a hard man. He was an accountant and surveyor, who had charge of a lot of house property in the neighbourhood, and all the tenants with whom he came into contact described him as a severe man. Ida's heart sank within her as she remembered these reports. Would he forgive her? Would such a man so far unbend himself as to look upon her sin with pity—as to grant her pardon for her offences, and mercy for the man she loved so well? Might he not resent her attempt to interfere with the course of his stated business, and expose, not only her Walter's deficiency, but her own mis-doing? Would he not thereby bring shame and distrust upon her father? The doubt tracked its course across her brain like a hot rake, and seared her. There was new danger there.

New danger! Well, it had to be faced. She had gone but one step on the road of dishonesty and would go no further. Come what might, whate'er betided, she would do what was right now, and her conscience told her that her last resolve was the right one.

But an excuse for leaving the house and going to London had to be found. She racked her brain for one and could find none. It would come, though. She would think of something, something that would satisfy Aunt Scawby and her father as well. How she dreaded that aunt with her prying eyes and her glib, merciless, thoughtless tongue. What would Aunt Scawby say to her sudden resolution to go up to London

when so many things about the house were to be done—and things were for ever to be done about the house to Aunt Scawby's mind.

Ida walked slowly up to her little chamber and sponged her tear-stained face and her cold, moist hands. The sun was shining brightly without, and the room itself was beaming with the nick-nacks of girlish happiness. Everything was bright, everything was homely, and she alone was sorely stricken. The cool contact of the gurgling water refreshed and strengthened her, and, drawing a heavy sigh, she laid the sponge aside with a freer heart.

But what to say to Aunt Scawby? She would not stoop to a lie. She would simply tell her she was going to London on Walter's account, and refuse to further satisfy the old lady's curiosity. Her mission would either turn out happy or unhappy. If she were successful Aunt Scawby's opinion would not matter in comparison with her great joy; and if she were unsuccessful, what added grain could Aunt Scawby's disapproval bring to her grief?

Ida dressed herself for the journey, and, girl-like, even in this hour of trial, carefully selected her neatest gown and the most becoming hat. She was a quick dresser, and, before many minutes had passed, appeared in the parlour putting on her gloves.

"Why, goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Scawby. "What is the child about? Where are you going to, my dear?"

"I am going to London, auntie," Ida rejoined. "I shall be back shortly after dinner."

"After dinner!" exclaimed the old lady with gaping surprise. "Why, where are you going to?"

"I am going to London," Ida replied quietly. "Tell father, when he comes in, that I shall be back early in the afternoon."

"But what are you going to London about?" insisted the old lady.

"I am going up to London to do something for Walter," was the girl's formal answer.

"Something for Walter," repeated Mrs. Scawby, sneeringly. "I knowed there was something of Walter in it. You can't

deceive me. There's been a quarrel, and you have been crying your eyes out, my dear; and he'd better not come near me. What on earth you're going up to London for on his account I can't guess."

"Nevermind it, auntie, dear," Ida replied with suave softness. "Walter and I have had no quarrel. I shall be back soon. Good-bye."

With that she flew out of the room and left the old lady looking after her from the

parlour with mouth agape and eyes astare, grumbling about the ingratitude of children, and the wicked ways in which young people were brought up now-a-days.

The road was dusty, and the early noon-day glare poured down upon Ida as she sped along. Nearly everybody on that country side knew her, and she was compelled to stop now and then and exchange a word of greeting with this person or that. The children would run about her and arrest her steps with their gambols, and she had to assume a merry face and speak pretty nothings, whilst her heart was





so heavy and her eyes moist with her salty tears.

In going to the railway station, she had to pass the post-office. Her father, she knew, would be employed in the sorting room about that time, and not likely to see her. But she remembered that on no other occasion had she passed the place without entering and saying "How d'ye do" to the post-mistress, or exchanging a greeting with her father if he were there. If people were told that she had gone to London without calling at the post-office, they would think it strange, and her father, if he heard of it, might feel offended. But she dared not risk it. Nothing should stop her on the course she had marked out for herself.

A London-bound train steamed into the station a moment or two after she had ascended to the platform. She sat herself down, shrinkingly, in the farthest corner of a third-class compartment and looked out upon the station with frightened eyes. The platform was nearly deserted. The station-inspector, a porter or two, and a farmer from a neighbouring village who had just left the train; these were the only persons in sight. But Ida felt more easy, nevertheless, when the train slowly puffed away.

It was a good twenty minutes' walk from the station at Kilburn to the accountant's office, and Ida traversed the distance at racing speed. She brushed against people recklessly, having only one idea impressed upon her mind—to reach Mr. Bembridge's office before he might leave it to go to Westwood.

The accountant's place of business was situated on the ground floor of a large and rather dingy-looking building standing a little back from the main road. Ida's sight grew dim and she felt her face grow cold, and her fingers drew themselves up nervously as she crossed the threshold. Some moments elapsed before she could discern where she really was, and espy the open door of the clerk's office.

A shrill, "Whom do

you want, Miss?" coming from the other side of the mahogany partition, aroused her from the tremor of her thoughts, and she saw herself face to face with a young gentleman who was, at that moment, busily, but unsuccessfully, endeavouring to tie a disorderly cravat.

"I want to see Mr. Bembridge if you please," Ida replied.

A short and snappy "He's gone out, Miss," so frightened her that she had to hold to



IN THE SORTING ROOM.

the door-jamb to prevent herself from falling. Had Mr. Bembridge left already, and was he already on his way to Westwood? Her fingers fumbled in her pocket, and she touched that letter which was the source of her trouble and the token of her guilt. She drew a heavy breath and remembered that here, at any rate, she must show no sign of her anguish.

"I want to see Mr. Bembridge on important business," she breathed faintly. "Has he gone out for the day?"

"No," replied the perky young gentleman, having at last succeeded in producing the desired sailor's knot. "He will be back before luncheon, but he is going out directly afterwards. If you like, you can sit down and wait."

Ida said she would be glad to do it, and, indeed, she was relieved in being able to sit down.

How long the minutes seemed! How slowly the hands of that big wooden-cased clock on the mantle-shelf seemed to travel from one minute point to the other! Surely hours must have passed, she thought, before she heard a heavy step in the passage and in the opposite room, and the perky young gentleman, having dived out and dived back again, told her that Mr. Bembridge would spare her a moment and a

moment only, as he was very busy that morning.

Ida rose tremblingly and slowly walked to the accountant's private office. It was not a hard face that met her gaze, though it looked enigmatical to her. She could read nothing in those greenish-brown eyes that looked enquiringly at her. A thin, white hand stroked the little iron-grey moustache, and then moved caressingly across the round chin. It was not the face she had expected from the man's reputation, and it comforted her to think that Mr. Bembridge might, after all, not be as merciless as she had been told he was.

"Humph!" exclaimed the accountant, after a moment's pause. "Why surely you are Ben Chorley's daughter, aren't you—the postman's at Westwood?"

"My name is Ida Chorley," the girl breathed.

"Well, sit down, Miss Chorley," the accountant said pleasantly—and the girl's hopes revived when she found that the tone of his voice was so kind—"what have you come to see me about?"

She knew not how to state her case. The tears escaped from her unwilling eyes and rolled down on her cheeks, whilst her nervous fingers crushed the letter in her pocket.



"THE GIRL'S HOPES REVIVED WHEN SHE FOUND THAT THE TONE OF HIS VOICE WAS SO KIND."



"Why, you are crying, my dear," Mr. Bembridge exclaimed. "What is the matter?"

"I do hope you will have pity on us, Mr. Bembridge. I do pray——" She knew not what to say. The words broke from her against her will.

The accountant rose and approached her.

"What is matter? Why should I, have pity on you?"

"I have been such a bad girl, Mr. Bembridge. I have done what is wrong," she went on, and she could not stop herself then. "I have taken a letter which belongs to you, and——"

"A letter?" Mr. Bembridge questioned, and his face became more stern. "What letter?"

"My father had it in his bag, but I didn't want to steal it. Believe me I didn't want to steal it. I would have brought it to you to-morrow in any case; but it was not the one I wanted, and I have done wrong, and all to no purpose."

"I cannot understand a word of what you mean," the accountant remarked. "You have taken a letter that belongs to me, but why?"

"I thought it was a letter Mr. Ashington had written you to come to the tannery to check the accounts."

"Ah! now we are coming closer," said Mr. Bembridge tartly, and he sat down in his arm-chair. "Ah! I remember, you are engaged to be married to Walter Theydon. I think I had better take this in hand. Answer my questions, please: You say you have taken a letter that belongs to me, and that you thought it was a letter Mr. Ashington had written to me. Why did you want to take that letter?"

Ida's hopes revived and she looked Mr. Bembridge straight in the face. There she could tell the truth—the whole truth. Her Walter was guiltless, and she would uphold his honesty before all the world.

"I took it because I didn't want you to come to the tannery to-day."

"And why do you wish me not to come to the tannery to-day?"

"Because last night, Walter's brother Ralph came to the tannery and slept with Walter; and, during the night, he took Walter's key out of his pocket and stole a hundred pounds out of the safe, and Walter cannot replace the money before to-morrow; and he didn't want you to come and find the deficiency."

The face of the man of business had grown stern. The lips were hard set and

the eyes cold. He sat there for a moment or two silently, with his elbow resting upon the arm of his chair. Then he looked Ida straight in the face.

"Your sweetheart has the reputation of being an honest fellow. Why did he not come to me and tell me all this? Why did he not tell Mr. Ashington himself?"

"He dared not, Mr. Bembridge," the girl pleaded. "He dared not—he was afraid his brother would be sent to prison, and he said he would not do so."

Again the stern man looked into the girl's eyes, and she winced not.

"And so," he said, "you want me to neglect my duty and to deceive Walter Theydon's friend and benefactor."

"You need not deceive him," Ida interposed. "It will matter little whether your examination be made to-day or to-morrow, and to-morrow, I am sure, Walter will have raised the money."

There was another pause which seemed an hour to the poor girl. Her limbs were growing cold as ice. Her lips trembled, and it seemed as if heavy cords were drawn across her chest.

"And that letter which you have taken, and which belongs to me—where is it?"

The trembling fingers clenched it and took it from the pocket and placed it into the accountant's out-stretched hand.

"I have been so wicked," Ida cried, whilst the tears were flowing fast. "I have done what was wrong, but I don't mean to do wrong, believe me, Mr. Bembridge, believe me."

The sobs which she could no longer restrain burst from her. She was too busily engaged in pressing her handkerchief to her tear-dimmed eyes to notice the accountant as he tore open the envelope. She did not see his astonishment as he took two bank notes from the letter and laid them slowly on his desk, keeping his hand upon them whilst he read the missive.

There was a smile on the hard man's face as he rose slowly, and, walking to the girl's chair, stood by her side for a moment and tapped her on the shoulder. The smile was kindly, and, as Ida looked up, she thought she read pity and mercy in it.

"You have been a very naughty girl, Miss Ida Chorley," said the man of business; "but after all, it has turned out for the best. You are very fond of your Walter, I suppose?"

The girl looked at him with astonishment. His face was so soft, so encouraging.

"I love him very, very much," she said.

"Well," Mr. Bembridge went on—and he reached out for the two notes that were lying on the table—"you had better take the next train to Westwood and give him these. With this he allowed the two notes to drop upon the girl's lap.

What did it all mean? She mechanically took the notes—they were for fifty pounds each—a hundred pounds. That was the sum her Walter needed. Her surprise was so sudden that she could not feel her happiness. How did it all come about? It seemed to her like a dream.

"You may as well take this letter to him, Mr. Bembridge went on, and handed to her the epistle he had just taken from the envelope Ida had brought.

The girl took it with a nervous finger and looked at it.

"I write to you," it ran, "because I have just remembered that my brother Walter told me that you are to come

to-day and examine his books, and I am afraid that, if I were to write him, I might be too late in my attempt to undo the wrong I have committed. I fell beneath a sore temptation last night and stole the two notes which I herewith enclose; but when I remembered how good Walter always has been to me, and that my misdeed might bring about his ruin, they burned my fingers, and I could not keep them. Please tell Walter he will not see me again until I have earned the right to look him in the face without shame.

"RALPH THEYDON."

The tears flowed faster than ever then, but they were such happy tears.

Among the mementoes which Walter Theydon, the prosperous tanner of Westwood, keeps of his courtship with his wife, is a crushed and torn envelope addressed to Mr. Bembridge, the accountant. Worthless to everybody else, he would not part with it for thrice the hundred pounds it once contained.

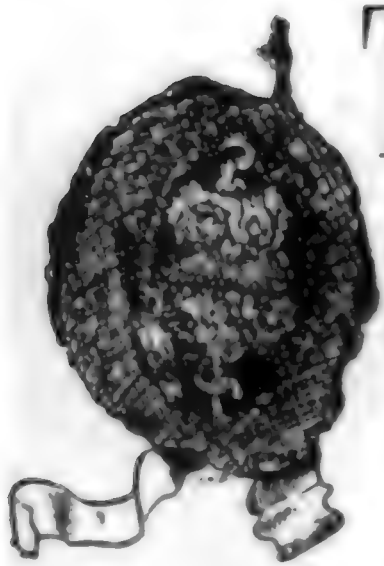






## MALLING ABBEY.

By P. H. BATE.



THE SEAL

THE recent visit of the Kent Archæological Society to Malling Abbey, during their annual congress, has directed attention to one of the less known but most interesting conventual foundations of the home counties. The remains are not extensive, for since the time when the Benedictine nuns were expelled by Bluff King Hal, the vicissitudes to which the ancient pile has been subject have been many and various ; but the portions which are still extant bear dumb but eloquent testimony to the magnificence and extent of the foundation when in its pristine grandeur, as built by Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, soon after the Norman conquest. Still the old walls and towers retain all their historic interest, and much of their old architectural beauty, despite the power of time, who works

“ To ruinate proud buildings with his hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering, golden towers;  
To fill with wormholes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books and alter their contents.”

and the wanderer who may be tempted into the district will find much to charm

him in the gray old walls that stand amid the cherry orchards and hop gardens of Kent.

The history of Malling, apart from the abbey, can be traced back to A.D. 945, when it was the property of Burhric, Bishop of Rochester ; but, after the conquest, it was given by William to that “ecclesiastical cormorant,” his half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Baieux. At the famous assembly of the county, however, held on Penenden Heath by Archbishop Lanfranc, he was compelled to disgorge, with many another fair manor and estate, this one of Malling, and it was restored to Rochester, whose bishop, Gundulf, founded here, as is stated above, an abbey of Benedictine nuns. It is interesting to note in passing that in Domesday it is recorded as belonging to the Bishop of Rochester, though that famous survey was taken very soon after the meeting noticed above ; and, that it was anciently charged with contributing to the maintenance and repair of Rochester bridge, a curious tax which it shared in common with many Kentish parishes and manors.

Of Gundulf, so well known as the builder of both castle and cathedral at Rochester, little need here be said ; but it is interesting to observe and trace at Malling Abbey so many of the architectural characteristics which are to be found at Rochester Cathe-

dral and can with certainty be assigned to Gundulf (and may even be distinguished from work added thirty or forty years later), which alone would go far to show that both were the work of the same man, had we no historic and documentary proof.

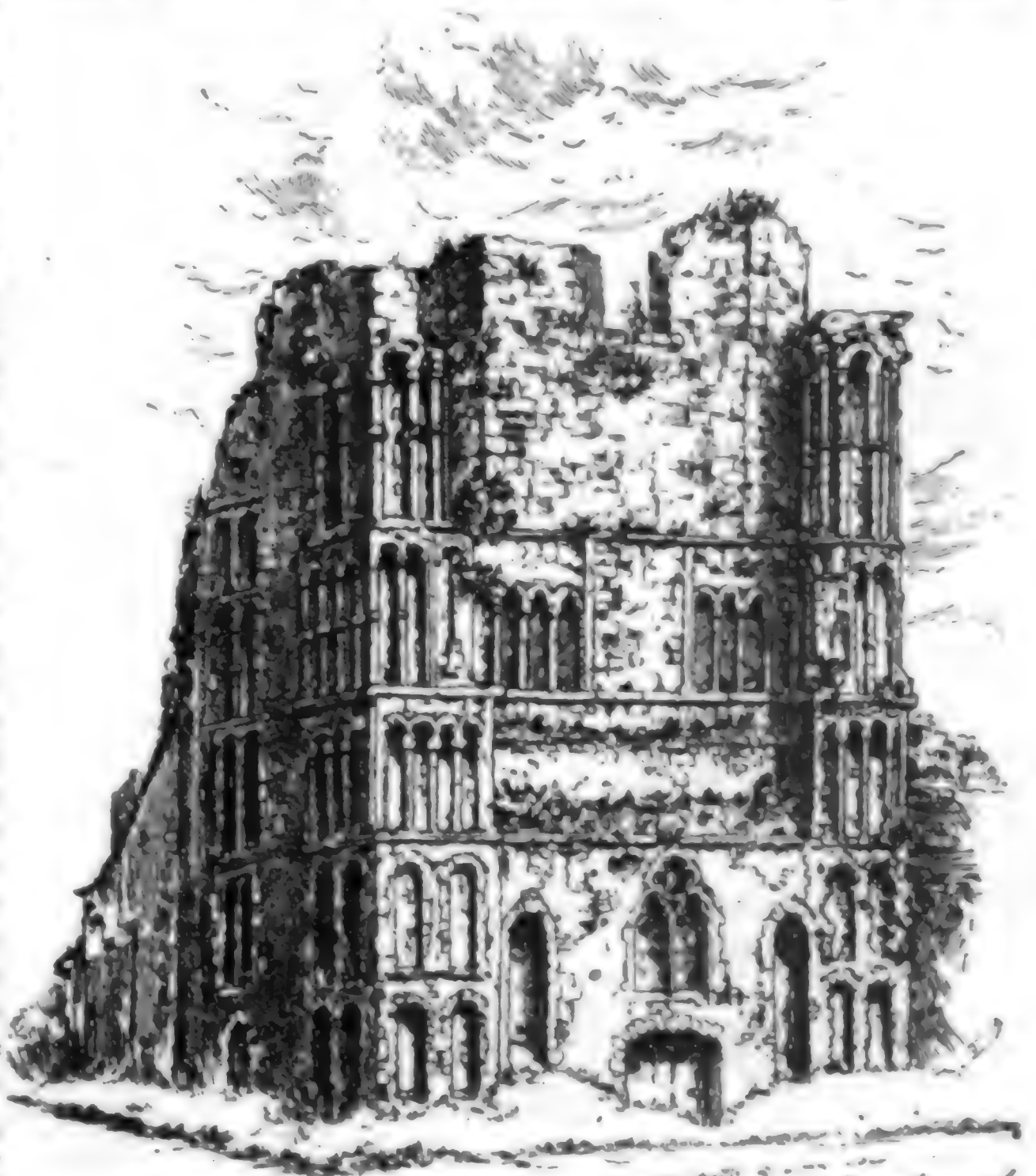
Although the present residence, Abbey House, was built by Mr. Honywood, one of the owners of the estate, from the materials of a portion of the dismantled abbey, and occupies some portion of the ground, it is still possible to trace many parts of the conventual buildings, including the cloisters, the old burying-ground of the nuns, and the church, of which the massive and beautiful tower with its delicate Norman arcading, shown in the illustration, formed a part, being one of two which most likely stood at the transept, the lofty arched opening to which is still visible, but the foundations alone remain of the second one, and they are now covered by a lawn.

The history of the Abbey seems to have been of a comparatively uneventful type, save for a fire in the twelfth century which is recorded to have almost destroyed both abbey and village; but while the pious nuns passed day after day throughout their lives in the "daily round, the common task" of worship and of charity, caring alike for the souls and the bodies of their neighbours, that yeoman race of Kent, so famous in song and story, the establishment grew in wealth and importance under the care of succeeding monarchs, many of whom bestowed valuable rights and privileges on the foundation, while the Bishops of Rochester always retained a great and fostering interest in the prosperity of the

community which paid them in the time of Edward I, and, later, an annual pension of ten pounds of wax and a boar.

With the other religious houses of the country it was dissolved by Henry VIII, who, after the abbess and nuns had been pensioned, exchanged the property with Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury; but in the reign of Elizabeth the lands passed back from the hands of the metropolitan see to the Crown, by whom they were granted on lease to Sir Henry Brooke, the fifth son of Lord Cobham. Later, a further change took place, James I granting both abbey and manor to Sir John Rayney, from whom they passed into the hands of many owners.

Much as every lover of the past must regret the state of ruin in which Malling



The Tower  
Arcaded



The Gateway.



Abbey now stands, "the grey walls hastening to decay," one cannot but feel that it is a matter for congratulation that the grand old pile is now jealously guarded and cared for by its owners, and, indeed, we may be thankful that so much has

for its Holy Rood of Grace, popularly known as the winking Virgin, scarce one stone stands on another; while of the most magnificent foundation of all, the Abbey of Leeds, it may truly be said

*"Stat nominis umbra."*



The Chapel.

come down to us, for the remains at Malling far exceed in size and preservation those of the neighbouring religious houses, not one of which was built at so early a date. Hard by, the house of Aylesford Friars contains the few remains of what was once the earliest Carmelite Priory in England, a rich institution founded by the Lord Grey of Codnor, on his return from the Crusade with monks from Mount Carmel. The College of Maidstone exists now only in its magnificent gateway and its water tower; and of the mitred abbey of Boxley, famous once throughout the land





THE STEAMBOAT IS WORSE THAN THE TRAM-CAR



HAVE you ever watched an old-fashioned beehive in an old-fashioned country garden?

When you were young; yes, well, did it ever strike you that the hive was anything like that

huge church dome of St. Paul's?

"A Sunday afternoon conundrum?" No, not quite, only an idiotic fancy. When I was young, you know, I stayed in the country—

Didn't you know that? how strange! I was there for a long time, in the middle of an old Suffolk common. It was a queer little wooden cottage, and you went up a ladder to the bedroom. I slept up there with Isaac, the only son, while the occupant and his wife snored below in a chest of drawers. It was one of those arrangements that Goldsmith describes. I remember they snored, because it was the first time I had heard anybody snore, and it frightened me.

When I imagine myself a thin, white-faced, wondering boy of five years, lying through the long night in the roof of that little shanty, with the solid, immovable Isaac by my side, and the incessant long-

drawn snores of husband and wife below I find myself well satisfied with the reason of my present impaired intellect.

I think the man earned a living by rearing geese, turkeys and pigs, and mending the village boots. I remember once going on to the common to drive in the geese, when they turned on me, and, with a terrible flapping and quacking, sent me fleeing to the house, scared beyond conception, and blubbering my little soul out. I also call to mind standing beside the master of the abode while he sat on a three-legged stool in a small shed driving stumpy little pegs into huge boots with very thick soles. How my five-year-old heart yearned to be possessed of that box divided into many compartments, and containing all sizes of brads and pegs. I dare not ask for the box, but I toyed with it lovingly, and kept picking up the pegs and casting longing glances at the quiet cobbler. Yet he only said: "Mind yer dan't mix'em, young'un."

Dejected, I wandered out to see the fat wife feed the pigs, and wondered why they squeaked, and fought, and dug their feet into each other's eyes. I don't think I liked pigs at that time. I have had to live with them since.

But there was one little pig that I helped very largely to feed—that was myself. Immediately I was left alone, there were two skinny legs with one white sock up and one down, making very steady headway



toward a wicket gate. Oh, the cunning of those five years! I would take different routes to this gate, or walk with my hands behind me and looking down on the ground as though *unaware* of the direction of my progress. Nay, I would *even* suggest that I should fetch and carry such things as led in the direction of that gate, and all because it was the gate that led to the gooseberry garden. My little stomach's desire for large ripe gooseberries was strangely capacious. I have

since traced some connection between these gooseberries and the sleepless nights referred to, but, at that time, my only hope through the snoring hours of darkness was the thought of the sunshine and a prosperous raid on the gooseberry bushes next morning.

Now, at the bottom of this fruit paddock was a row of hives, and I would often cram my pockets with gooseberries and then stand watching the bees. The habits of these insects, pouring in and out of the little doorways of their hives, fascinated me, though I much feared being stung. My great respect for Isaac lay entirely in the fact that he was not in the least afraid of approaching quite close and looking in the doorways.

I have never forgotten those bees; even now, I can see the swarms of little black bodies crowding in and out, busy at some great undertaking inside, while a few sailed away up the rays of the sun. And, I see them again every day that I enter the great city, and every day that I leave it. I do not enter this garden of turmoil to eat fruit, although one often finds the grapes sour, and the apple of our too-confiding eye a

bitter disappointment; but, I always see the bees, now pouring beneath where the great dome stands, in dense black lines of human bodies, now hurrying out, as though some plague had breathed on the city, crowding the train and tram, 'bus and boat, or beating a hasty retreat on foot. They come in to earn their bread, and they hasten home to eat it.

But, who and *what* are all these people that, regularly as the rising of the sun, flock through the gates of Lon-

don, and at a given moment hasten away to bury themselves for the night in the outer suburban circle? Let us stand for a day in some well known way and watch them pass. They all look very serious, as they pour in during the morning, many not arriving till high mid-day. From one o'clock till three, they are filling the restaurant and dining rooms, and as they return to their labours it is with happier looks on their faces. The next hour is a comparatively quiet one, but at four o'clock the hastening home begins, and it begins well.

Middle-aged and portly gentlemen, wrapped up in well cut broadcloth, with silk hats perfectly

polished and very clean collars and shirt fronts, waddle up the street, smoking cigars, and aiding their progress with a silk umbrella. They usually carry a valuable gold watch in one vest pocket, and a first-class railway season ticket in the other. Their chins are clean shaven, their complexions rosy, and there is an atmosphere of contentment enveloping them all over. These men are successful merchants, who have risen in the world, and are now living the lives of suburban aristocrats,

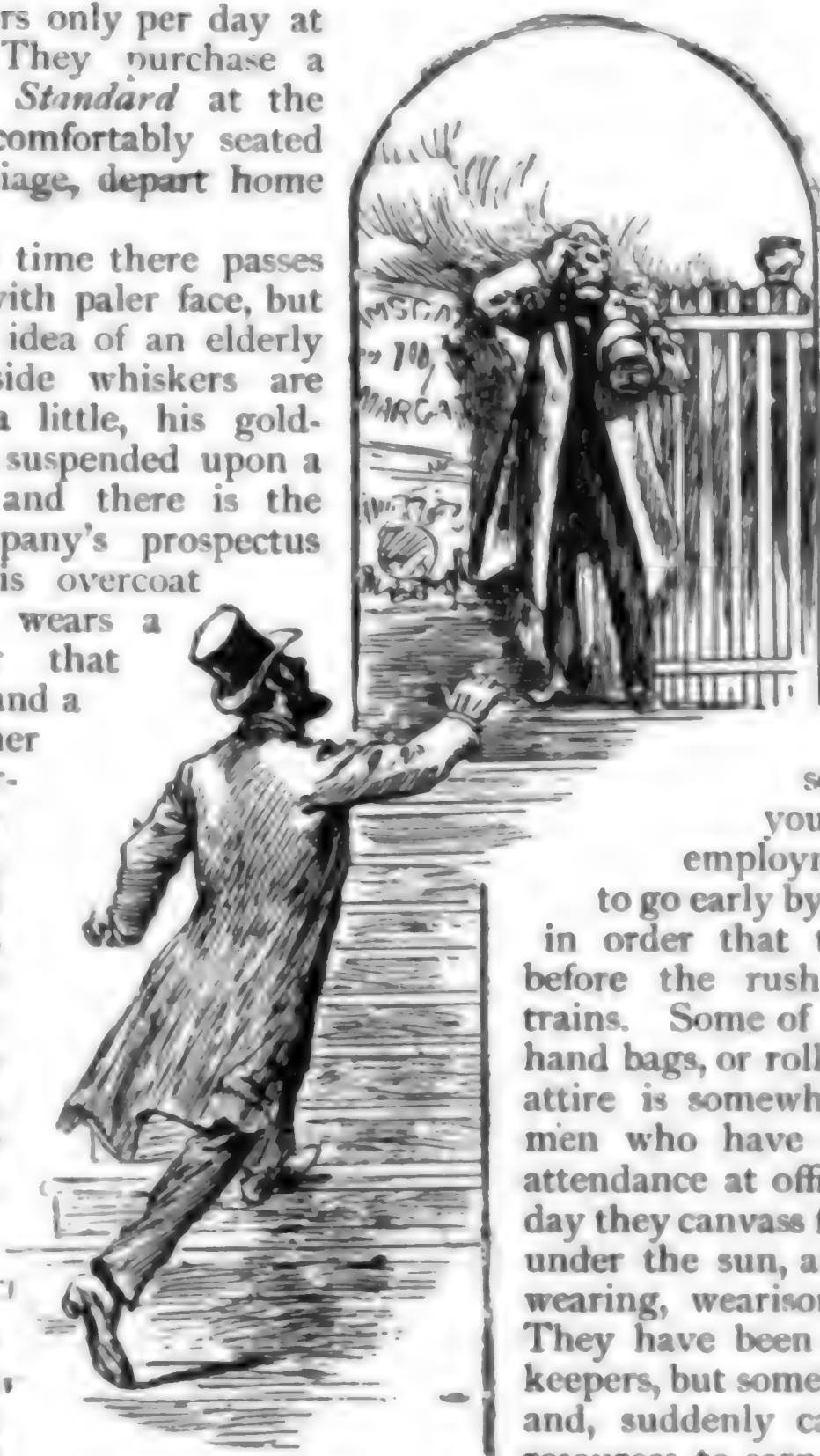


"SIX EACH SIDE AND HALF-A-DOZEN DOWN THE MIDDLE."

spending a few hours only per day at the city offices. They purchase a *Globe* or *Evening Standard* at the station stall, and, comfortably seated in the railway carriage, depart home from the city.

About the same time there passes also, a leaner man with paler face, but conveying a better idea of an elderly gentleman. His side whiskers are white, he stoops a little, his gold-rimmed glasses are suspended upon a black silk ribbon, and there is the glimpse of a company's prospectus peeping out of his overcoat pocket. He often wears a thick silk muffler that covers his mouth, and a pair of lined leather gloves. He lives further out of the city than the merchant, in an aristocratic old mansion, and he has titled relatives. Forty years ago he married one of the five daughters of a lord, and he is himself the head of a city bank. His greatest enemy is the fog, but he looks happier and ten years younger when, in his own corner of the 4.10 train, with hat and gloves and muffler temporarily removed, he reads the prospectus of the company that has just opened its account at his bank. A carriage meets him at his station and his well-preserved wife greets him in the solidly furnished, comfortable dining room. His life has been all business, but business surrounded with cushions and comfort.

The span of time 'twixt four and five o'clock is nigh up and the line of passers by quickly thickens. Gentility is everywhere noticeable as it walks briskly along, only brushing shoulders now and again with the vagabond and outcast—these hurry not, since there is nothing to hurry for, nowhere to hurry to. The three-penny doss house is the only home, and in default of the three-pence there are the Embankment seats. Such have nothing to hurry for, life will hasten itself out fast enough, and they are past even wishing to make the



"JUST AS THE GATE IS SHUT."

best of it. Thus success passes failure on the road, both men, but as far apart as the poles. Nothing but the preacher's sonorous voice, saying: "Dust to dust; ashes to ashes," will make this well-clothed and that ill-clad body of one and the same value to a volatile world.

Those that are coming up the street now are a strange mixture, upper, middle, and lower classes, many of them young women in city employment, who are allowed to go early by thoughtful employers, in order that they may get home before the rush for the trams and trains. Some of the men are carrying hand bags, or rolls of papers, and their attire is somewhat shiny. These are men who have no fixed hours for attendance at offices; throughout the day they canvass for all classes of goods under the sun, and their's is the most wearing, wearisome work imaginable. They have been clerks or small shopkeepers, but something has gone wrong and, suddenly cast upon their own resources to earn a living, they immediately turn to seductive newspaper advertisements and take up an agency for something or other which means begging from morning till night, from office to office, for "an order." As the week drags to an end little or no success has, perhaps, been met, and this means no commission, and, possibly, the loss of the agency. Such constant strain bleaches the face and tightens the flesh over the cheek bones, and so produces that host of dejected-looking men, prematurely old, that one constantly meets in London streets.

And now the flood gates are open, it has gone six o'clock some minutes ago, and the pavements are crowded with boys and young men—mostly clerks. They are of all sizes, except that there are not many fat ones, and very few have healthy-looking faces. The number of girls has also vastly increased; they are neatly dressed, and evidently the daughters of very respectable suburban residents.



Every minute that passes increases the number, but it is city clerkdom every inch of it. And what is city clerkdom? What is there of interest about young men who keep the accounts for the merchant, or copy deeds for the lawyer?

There is much that is humorous, much that is pitiful. Living at home with his mother upon an income of twenty-five or thirty shillings a week, the young clerk does fairly well. He can afford a night or so a week at the music hall, and maintain a silk

a thin, unattractive beard to grow; the hat appears to have seen several seasons, and this old-young man of thirty-two wears a permanently serious expression. The fear of ever being dismissed has robbed him of all spirit and independence, his only hope is to step into the shoes of the man above him, and obtain another five shillings per week. The pinnacle of his ambition seldom rises higher than three pounds per week, and, vaguely wondering whether this will ever be attainable, he hurries with the crowd on his way home from the city.

The next two hours are not so busy, and the stream has largely changed its character. The passers are, very clearly, warehouse hands; a rougher class of men altogether, but they look far healthier and even happier. The women, too, are of the shawl and bonnet type, not afraid of every now and again breaking into a loud laugh, often at the expense of a passer by.

They are generally respectable working women, seemingly satisfied with their position in life, and willing to make the best of it. These people make no pretence to dressy respectability, and as the whole family are usually out working at one thing or another, they obtain a higher percentage of comfort out of life. They work exceedingly hard, and for long hours for little money, but so long as they can get the work there is little murmuring. A penny tram will usually take them somewhere near their doors.

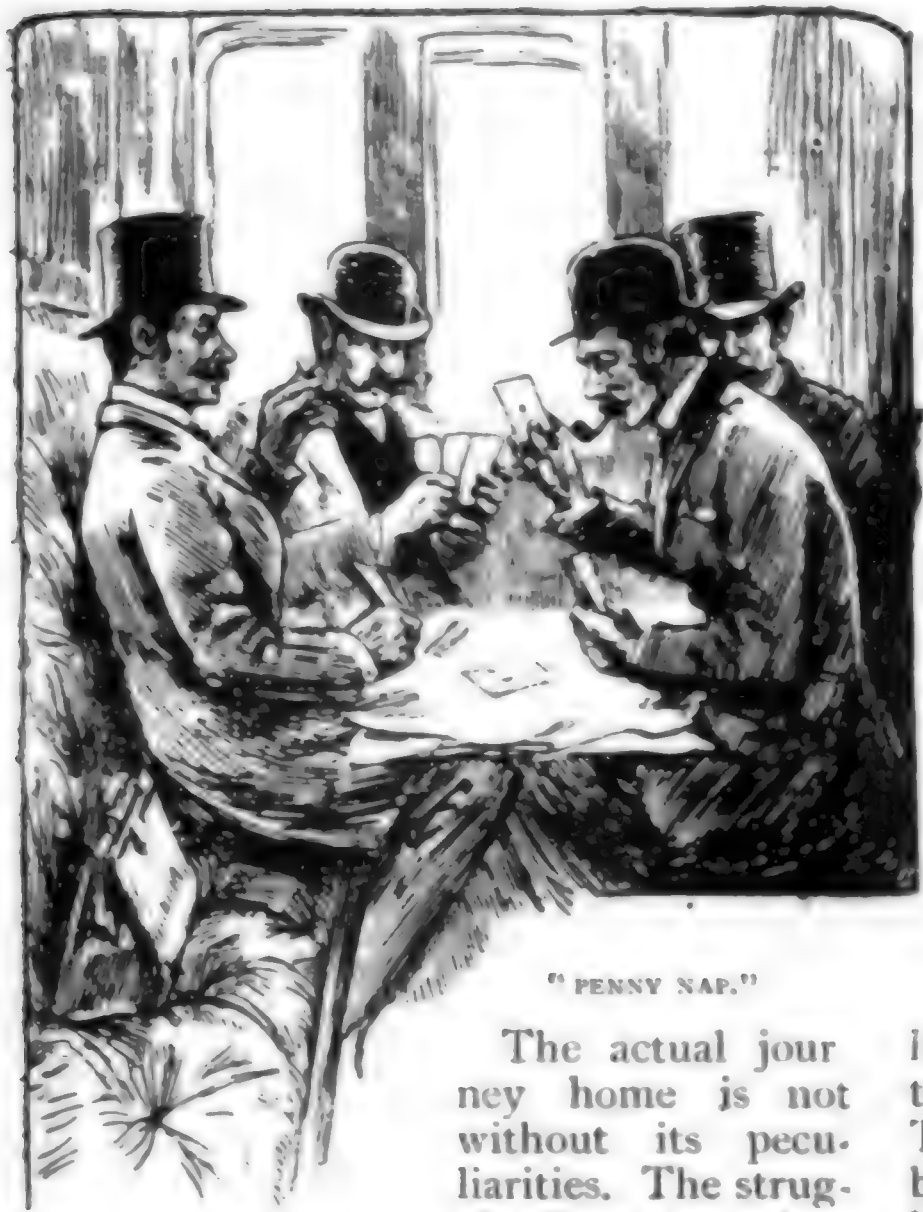
From eight o'clock till midnight a strange admixture leaves the city. Journalists, who come and go at all hours, news-vendors, worn out with the day's struggling and bawling

to earn a few coppers; all classes of people who have stayed in town for the entertainments and theatres; flower girls, with their huge baskets empty or only half sold out, as luck may have it; composers from newspaper offices; actors and actresses, barmaids, money-grubbers of every description, all jumbled together, hasten away to some gloomy street or some suburban road to pass the night. Next morning they are up and at it again, and thus, day after day, night after night, that huge machine, the city of London, grinds away at the lives of a myriad workers.



"THE BUS IS A LITTLE DIFFERENT."

hat for every-day wear. It will also provide something startling in neckties and collars for Sunday, and by living on buns and coffee for a week in place of the usual midday meal, sufficient may be saved to buy something pretty for the young lady who it would be the height of joy to possess altogether as a little wife. Happy youngster if he would only be satisfied to remain at this stage of bliss, and imagine the rest; but he gets a five-shilling increase in his salary, and immediately makes up his mind to get married. Of course there is no moral reason why he should not, but when half-a-dozen years later it comes to a wife and three children, thirty shillings a week wants a lot of laying out. Look at a man in this position. His clothes and general get-up have fallen many degrees in the matter of smartness; he has allowed



"PENNY NAP."

The actual journey home is not without its peculiarities. The struggle that takes place about six o'clock to get on the tram cars or 'bus is interesting. Much of the ordinary polish of civilization is temporarily laid aside, and stout men will elbow down weak women, while some ruffian will plough through the whole crowd, careless of who gets a seat, so long as he secures one. The conductor will often have to settle a dispute for a seat, and even stay a free fight between the passengers. But when the car has been steadily running for a few minutes the inside passengers will settle down, and the entire journey, say from Blackfriars to Brixton or Clapham, will be performed without a word of conversation, only the jingle of the horse bells and the noise of passing traffic breaking the silence. Every one is enveloped in thoughts concerning his own little circle of affairs, and any attempt to open a conversation upon general topics would be a gloomy failure. The smokers on the top of the tram are livelier, but not much inclined to talk.

On the 'bus it is a little different, one gets so jolted against his neighbour, that conversation is often shaken out of the

passengers, and there is usually some pleasant chat going on among those sitting around the driver. But the steamboat is even worse than the tram car, while railway travelling is mostly a very sombre performance. A crowded carriage with six on each side, and half a dozen down the middle, will necessarily beget humorous situations, especially when the short, fat young man, who prefers standing up to sitting down, suddenly flops into the lap of the young lady up the corner, or when the first-class compartment door is opened at the last moment and a market woman, with a very large basket, bursts in quite out of breath and flops down into a space not quite sufficient for a person of half her breadth, and congratulates herself upon having "only just caught it and no mistake." No one cares to remind her that she has got into the wrong compartment, although a little man next

her ventures to remark in an undertone that it is a smoking compartment. The good lady, who has now fixed the large basket on her knees and is busy loosening her bonnet-strings and other things in order to cool herself, simply replies that she rather likes it, and for the rest of the journey the other passengers bury their noses in their newspapers and try to look unconscious of the fact that the imperturbable female is looking them all up and down as though they were so many geese she was taking to market.

I will pass by that quartette of card-players, who are able to drown the day's sorrows in penny "nap," and who will do



"SHE RATHER LIKES IT."



more to make a flimsy morning paper act the part of a solid mahogany table than they would to buy their wives—but no matter, they get plenty of that at home.

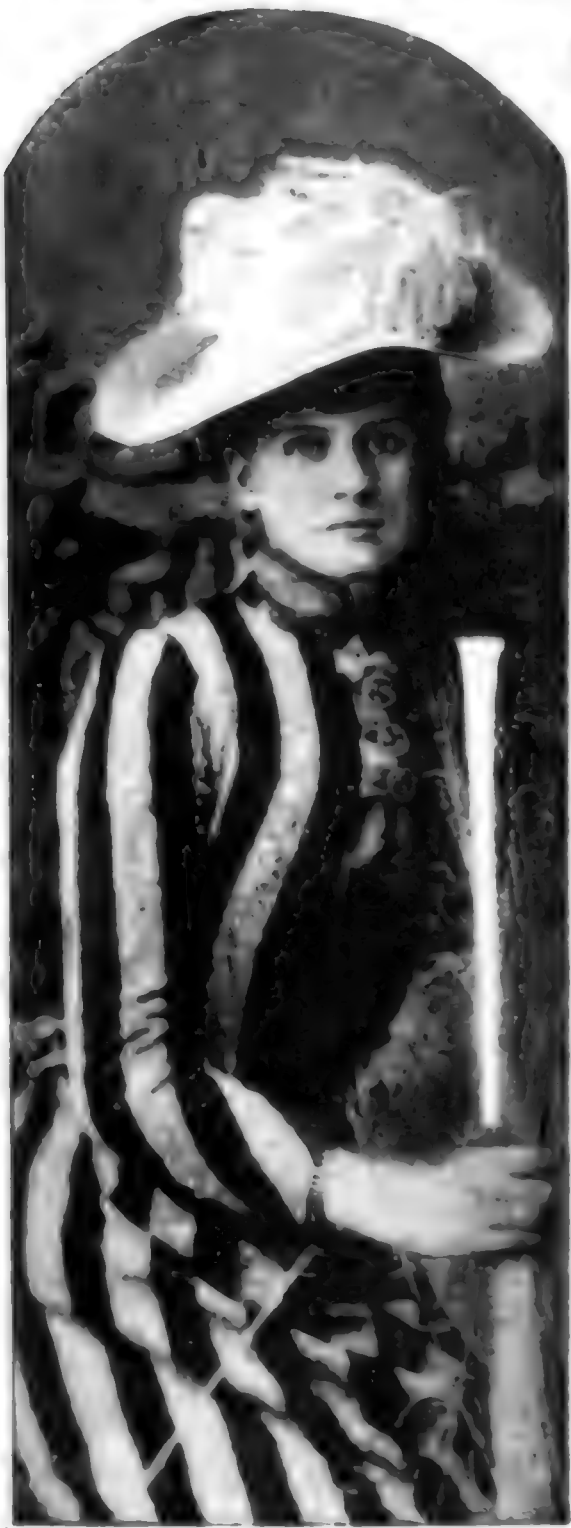
Nor must one forget the man who always arrives at the top or bottom of the platform stairs just as the gate is shut and the train is about to start. He is ever going to complain to the head office of the incivility of the officials who refuse to open the gate to him, of the manner in which the train is started before time, and of the general inefficiency of the entire railway system to meet the needs of passengers generally and himself particularly. But he never does.

Much more might be said of this great

going home, and an almost endless record could be penned of the home itself were one able to peep in at each window and to chat with the skeleton that fills a corner in the cupboard of rich and poor. Following on the heels, too, of this going home, what of that unwritten chapter of life concerning getting up in the morning. Ah, there is a pathetic story that would claim a sigh from a mighty host. A well known humorous writer has graphically described the fascination that his bed has for him on a cold frosty morning, but he never dealt with the miseries that delay one from getting out of it. Yes, I think I could give some reliable evidence *re* the Great Getting Up in the Morning—but not now.



"WITHOUT A WORD OF CONVERSATION."



SOPHIE KAPPEY.

set upon shoulders that were curved from perpetual stooping, and the face that belonged to it was neither young nor beautiful. The same idea must have occurred to the brain of the diminutive mite, perched upon her unsavoury throne, for, after surveying the wrinkled physiognomy, she gravely announced :

"You is velly, *velly* ugly !"

"Out of the mouths of babes comes wisdom ! Strike me if I don't like the kid ! But you must go home, my dear !" eyeing the child who had thus unceremoniously

DOES love you !"

"Love *me* !

Some one loves *me* ; thunder and lightning ; if that ain't the funniest thing I ever heard ! What's yer name, kiddie ? and how come you here ? Little gels like you oughtn't to be a-sittin' on a heap o' rags an' bones !"

"Myname's Bébe—a n' please, I don't know how I com med here !"

Jinks the rag man scratched his head in a meditative manner. It was a very bald head,

invaded the shed, wherein he was wont to sort the odds and ends that formed his patch-work profession.

"Let me come wif *you* ?"

"With *me* ! Why what'ud Mother Crump say if she seed me walking back with a living bundle. But there ! I don't suppose she'd mind ! She is a good soul is Crump !"

"Does you live *here* ?" presently enquired Bébe, slipping from her seat and coming near to where the old man stood, helplessly fumbling with a sack he held within his hands. "It smells *nasty* !"

"No, I lives yonder," pointing to a little cottage within a stone's throw of the shed, "and *this*," with a comical air of approbation, "is my place of business. True, it don't smell nice, but what ken yer expect?—rags is rags, and bones is bones !"

"Where does you get vese from ?" touching with one tiny foot the heterogeneous mass. "Why, vere's a shoe, and *such* a big bone !"

"Ah ! little'un, where *does* I git'em from ! They'se all sorts ! Yer might find among'em things as come from the highest as well as the lowest ! Rags is like corpses—all alike when they're together. But look here !" confidentially, "where do yer hail from ? and what'll I do with yer ? Dash it all, I can't turn the little'un out !"

"Mover said 'good-bye' and went somewhere over vere," with a vague wave of her hand into space.

"Oh ! somewhere over there, did she ! and where's father ?"

"I never had one !"

"Phew !" with an expressive whistle, "that's how the case lies, is it ! Well, I suppose yer'll just have to take an' come along o' me ! Jinks with a babby ! Dash me if it ain't enough to kill a feller ! I say," coming near to where the wee maiden stood, in wondering silence "say that agin, will yer—wot yer said at first about love !"





"LET ME COME WIF YOU."

He bent down so as to bring his face on a level with that of the child's, and in his crouching attitude, with his hands planted upon his knees, he looked like some great bat, hovering above a little fragile butterfly.

"I would tiss you if you hadn't dot such a big pimpil on you nose!"

"Supposin' I hide my nose, would you kiss me then?"

"Yes,"

So Jinks accordingly drew from his pocket a remnant of red linen, which did duty as a handkerchief, and carefully covered his proboscis with the article in question.

"*Now!*" he said triumphantly, "*now* the pimple's gone!"

Bébe advanced, somewhat gingerly it must be confessed. She almost seemed to regret her promise, for the old face was very dirty and very rough looking. However, she was a loyal little woman, and, true to her word, placed her soft lips upon the cleanest spot she could find upon the weather-beaten countenance.

"Ah!" murmured Jinks, with an ecstatic sigh of approval, "I ain't been kissed like that these forty years!"

"Didn't nobody never love you?" enquired Bébe, slipping her hand within his, as he rose to his feet.

A queer look stole into the dim eyes.

"I wasn't allus a rag an' bone man, little 'un! Yes, someone once did love me, but it wern't meant as I should have her!"

"Wass she a little durl, like *me*?"

"Ah! no, ever so much bigger, she had blue eyes—an' lots o' curls—an' her mouth was as soft as your'n!"

"Where iss she now?"

"With the angels, I hope—God bless her!" and for an instant the old shed grew very qu' t. "I won't do no work to-day!" Jinks presently announced. "I'll lock up, and we'll go home and have a bit o' something to eat."

Thus saying he threw his sack over the heap waiting to be sorted, and the strange looking couple sallied forth in the direction of the cottage Jinks designated as his home.

In truth, however, he owned but two rooms out of the five it contained, the lower story being occupied by the landlady, Mrs. Crump.

The contents of the said chambers were decidedly original. His sitting room, a *stoo*dy, as Mrs. Crump styled it, was adorned with various trophies collected during the years he had plied his humble trade. The walls were decorated with fragments of tapestry, faded frames, glaring prints, interspersed here and there with a baby's rattle, or a dainty down-trodden satin shoe. However, his grandest possessions were a stuffed cock and hen, placed in separate glass cases, whose tails were turned towards each other in contemptuous greeting. Between this infant menagerie of dead stock was suspended a villainous portrait in oils, the frame swathed in crape, in sign of respect to the deceased, who had once belonged to the Ancient Order of Foresters, and was proportionately venerated! The mantel shelf boasted of two huge china bull-dogs, and sundry wax flowers, while the chairs and table were covered with strips of patchwork, the artistic production of Mrs. Crump's horny fingers. The sideboard held a set of tea things not one of which matched, and these harlequinade pieces Jinks proudly dubbed his "*bricker-bracker*."

Into this room Bébe was led and placed upon a chair. She did not seem at all disconcerted by her new surroundings; on the contrary her clear grey eyes were filled with the utmost confidence, and she smiled upon Jinks with the innocent smile of childhood, offering meanwhile sundry remarks of approval upon his varied treasures.

So engaged were the two in conversation, that they did not see a head poked enquiringly round the door, which was soon followed by the fat body of the landlady named Crump.

"Well I'm blessed!" she ejaculated, "if this ain't the rummiest thing I ever seed!"

"Ain't she a beauty, Crump?" cried Jinks, ignoring the profound astonishment called

forth by the presence of Bébe. "Look at her eyes, an' her bonny curls, an' see her tiny feet, Crump! Just think, I found her a-top of a heap o' bones in the rag shed, an' she's got no home, so I'm a-going to keep her."

"*You*, you old lunatic?" said Mrs. Crump, with a smile. "Why you'd kill her afore the month was out! Who'll wash an' dress an' feed her; and where's the child to sleep? You allus *was* a fool, Jinks!"

Jinks looked somewhat sheepish at this disbelief in his brain tissue.

Nevertheless, like a wise man, he let the woman have her say, well knowing that a great heart, a great, kind heart beat beneath her tattered clothes, and that his landlady, before an hour had elapsed, would be full of projects for the comfort of the little one.

And he was right.

A little bed was improvised, a plateful of food was set before the child, and a huge china crock was henceforth to be used as Bébe's bath.

"I'll find the money, and you spend it, Crump! an' if you're good to the kid I'll give you *this*," and, going to a cupboard, Jinks drew from some secret hiding place a huge silver locket, attached to a dingy piece of black velvet.

Mrs. Crump looked at it longingly. It had been the wish of her heart to possess the clumsy ornament. "No!" she responded stoutly, "*no*, I don't want to be *paid* for kindness; wot I gives I gives freely. I might ha' had a little gel of me own once, only I suppose I wasn't worthy of bein' a mother. We'll love the kid for herself, Jinks!"

"You're a Christian, Mrs. Crump, a true born Christian," patting the old dame on the back till she shook like a jelly. "What high lady 'ud do as much as you're a-goin'

to do? Not *one* on 'em! No, they comes here with tracks, teachin' us 'ow to die—an' long words, showin' us 'ow to live. Devil a bit, tho', do they care what becomes of us in the long run!"

"Lord, *they* don't know no better," returned Mrs. Crump, with sublime philosophy, "they thinks that food 'ull drop into our mouths like it does into their's. They don't know wot it is to feel tired, an' hungry, and footsore! We know, tho', don't we—us poor creatures, who never asked to come into a world too full of strugglin' souls already!"

Jinks was no orator, so he wagged his head solemnly to and fro, and softly patted Bébe's curls.

As the twilight stole on, the little one grew sleepy, so with much care she was undressed and laid in the cot erected for her benefit. "You watch over her, Jinks, while I go out to buy one or two things. She's only got the clothes she stands up in—and we can't let her go *shabby*?"

"No, indeed!" emphatically replied the old man, that 'ud never do! Lemme see, I've been savin' a few odd shillins, Crump, so as to be corpsed decently. I'll hand 'em over

to you, an' you get 'er the best togs you ken find!"

"Now don't be stoopid, Jinks, an' throw good money away," was the practical retort. "We don't want her to be *fine*, only clean; you give a few shillins and I'll give a few shillins, an we'll manage to keep her tidy for the present: good-night, my blessed lamb!" she ended, standing over Bébe's couch, "be a good little gel, an' God'll allus love yer! *Ain't* she pretty?" turning to her friend! "Ah 'er poor muver! where is she?" and a tear tumbled in the eyes of the compassionate speaker.

After Mrs. Crump's departure, Jinks felt



"I'M BLESSED IF THIS AIN'T THE RUMMIEST THING I EVER SEED!"



very important. *He*, for the time being, was the sole guardian of yon little morsel of humanity, and he would prove to Mrs. Crump what an excellent nurse even an old man can make.

So he carefully shaded the lamp, and took a seat at the foot of the bed, pretending to be busy with some papers, but, in reality, watching the lovely, prostrate, little head and the wide open, thoughtful eyes. Presently a soft voice echoed through the room—

"Misser Jinks ! iss you vere ?"

Up jumped Jinks, and up was turned the lamp. "Yes, birdie, I'm here," he retorted, anxiously coming to her side. "Are you thirsty, hungry, sick ? What can old Jinks do for yer ?"

"Wants to say my prayers, and wants 'oo to tell me a storly !"

"Ye'es," was the dubious reply.

"I must det out of bed and kneel so," clasping her pink hands, "an' you must kneel, too, like muver did !"

Ah ! so tenderly did the withered arms

lift down the baby form. So carefully a pillow was placed for the little knees.

"I'se waiting ! tum, Misser Jinks !"

The old eyes wandered round the room, as though fearing unseen ridicule ; then he, too, knelt.

"Shut 'oo eyes," said Bébe, "now pray !"

"I-I-don't know wot to say !"

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a little child," the lisping tongue of the "little child" uttered.

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon——." The muffled voice suddenly stopped. "Oh, Lord ! Oh, Lord !" sobbed the old man, "I wish I was young agin ! I wish I was young agin !"

Two soft arms stole round the wrinkled throat like the tendrils of a fragile convolvulus entwines the gnarled trunk of an ancient tree. "Iss you cryin'—iss 'oo naughty ?"

"Aye, aye, lass ! very, very naughty."

"Tell me a storly, ven, about ve angels vat loves 'ickle durls, and makes em dood ?"

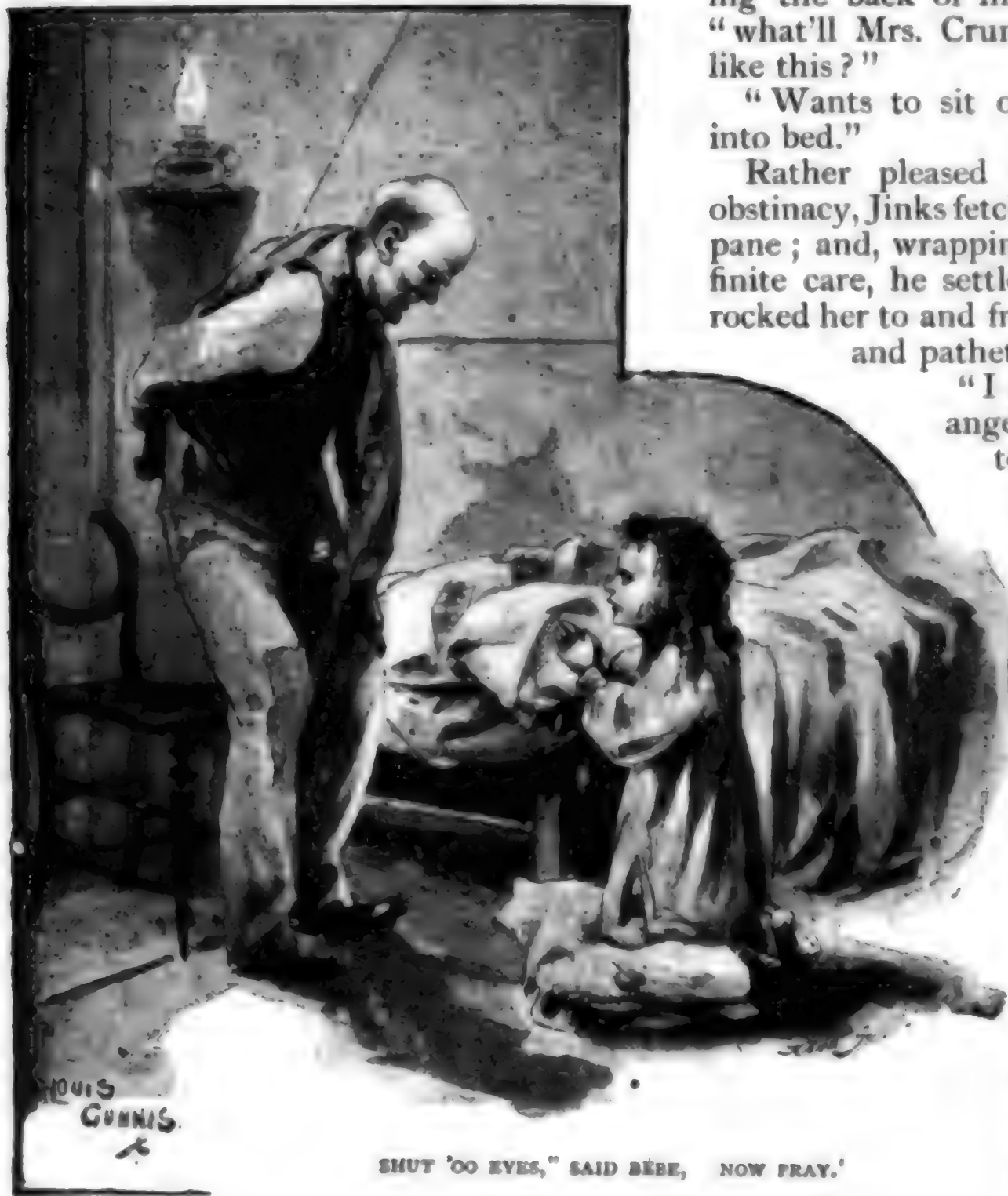
"But you must get into bed agin," wiping the back of his hand across his eyes, "what'll Mrs. Crump say if she sees you like this ?"

"Wants to sit on 'oo knees, won't det into bed."

Rather pleased at the little woman's obstinacy, Jinks fetched his tattered counterpane ; and, wrapping it round her with infinite care, he settled her in his arms and rocked her to and fro with a pride beautiful and pathetic to witness.

"I don't know much about angels," he dubiously retorted, in answer to her repeated demands for a "storly," "but I'll see wot I ken do. Once upon a time," contorting his features into a hideous grimace with the effort of thinking, "there was a little star, and in that little star a baby angel was living. One night it twinkled into a poor old man's window and saw that he was orful lonely."

A pause. "Go on," commanded Bébe. "Well, this little angel thought she would like to pay a



SHUT 'OO EYES," SAID BÉBE, NOW PRAY."

visit to this old man, who only sold rags and bones, so she called a tiny birdie and gave him a letter to post to God. When God read it, He felt very sorry for the poor old man, and called the little angel to him. Do you want to go down there? pointing to where the old man lived, so kind and gentle as if He was sorry for him. 'Yes,' the little angel said. So God gave her a pair of wings, and when she came to earth they dropped off; and not knowin' exactly where to go, she toddled into a dirty old shed, and this lonely old man found her—and loves her, ah! ever so much!"

"Wat iss his name?"

"Jinks!"

"Oh! you funny old man!" laughed Bébe; and then she nestled into the shrunken neck and softly fell asleep.

Scarce daring to breathe, sat Jinks. Cramped grew his arms, and tired his back, but he would not stir.

Gradually the sunken eyes grew weary, and the worn face still more worn. By-and-by his cheek fell forward and rested upon the golden curls, and he, too, slept.

"Poor old chap!" cried Mrs. Crump, wistfully, when she had returned from her shopping. "Plenty o' time to nurse her to-morrow," she said, when rousing her dazed old friend. "Go to bed, Jinks, go to bed, —the little 'un shan't want!"



AT BREAKFAST.

Now, I forgot to mention that Jinks possessed one grave fault, namely, he was rather fond of indulging in spirituous consolation. On sundry occasions his attributes were those of "a wandering step and a multiplying eye," which reprobate qualities considerably pained the soul of good Mrs. Crump.

She tried to convert him, to lead him in the paths of sobriety, but Jinks loved his black bottle with the affection of long habit, and failed to see the heinousness of feeling "dooed jolly," and a mad desire to stand on his head!

"Parsons git drunk! Princes git drunk," he affirmed, "so why shouldn't I?" which assertion, Mrs. Crump, who possessed a profound and aggressive contempt for both cloth and crown, could not contradict.

However, the advent of Bébe was a check upon his failing. Somehow he could not receive the kiss of her pure lips with his own reeking of spirits. Thus, and in a thousand other ways, that wondrous child influence was at work, an influence that has saved many a home from ruin—prevented many a hasty severance; an influence more potent than the seductive graces of maturer years, because it is so holy, so truly pure.

For three months, the child thrived in this genial atmosphere, and peace reigned within the humble dwelling. The angels of self-denial and love were ever on its threshold and no pampered infant of rich parents could have found a warmer shelter than did this stray waif of the sea of life, "my little Pal" as Jinks tenderly called her.

But it came to pass, that one day, while the old man was turning out his cupboard, he came across a half empty bottle, around which hung a flavour of past enjoyment.

He opened and smelt it. Ah! pure, unadulterated whisky! the very aroma sent the blood coursing through his stagnant veins, with the fictitious ardour of youth. He fingered it lovingly—held it up to the light, and then placed it back upon the shelf. "No, Jinks. No," he muttered unsteadily.

Had Mrs. Crump been visible, she would have thrown the offending temptation into the road. Unfortunately, she was absent on a day's charing, an occupation she had taken up for the benefit of Bébe's "savings book." At any other time Jinks would have revelled in the prospect of a series of uninterrupted hours with his "little pal," but since he had discovered *that*, he was restless and ill at ease.

"Doesn't 'oo love me?" asked Bébe anxiously, rubbing her cheek against the horny hand. "Won't you tell me another storly? won't you play wif me?"

He caught her in his arms and carried her to the window. Thus ensconced, he made a running comment on all passing without. Why the old tom cat had his ear bitten off. Why the flowers loved the sun, and how tenderly a poor little cripple cherished his blind linnet. So interested did he become in his recital, that he almost forgot the existence of yon luring, yellow drink.





THE CHILD BEHELD A FIGURE EXECUTING A STAGGERING DANCE.

Almost! By an unlucky chance the child led him to the cupboard to reach for her a toy. In that moment the devil entered the poor, vacillating old soul. With a faint chuckle, Jinks drew the cork from the black bottle and took a draught. Oh! wonderful exhilaration! quicker in its effect since it had not of late been indulged in. Another long pull—and yet another. . . . Presently Bébe's astonished gaze beheld a figure executing a staggering dance, and heard a quavering voice asserting he "wouldn't go home till morning!"

In high delight, the child skipped round the unsteady form, and the more she laughed, the wilder grew Jinks's antics, till at last, from sheer exhaustion, he fell in a heap upon the ground.

Then Bébe grew frightened, and knelt by the side of her old friend, whose nose had grown so wonderfully red, and whose eyes were fixed in a maudlin stare.

"Iss you ill, chum? (for such he had taught her to call him) iss you ill?" and she tried to wipe the slavering mouth with the corner of her pinafore.

"L-little p-pal" he mumbled, waving his hand about in search of her face, "l-little p-pal!" then the grey head fluttered to and fro, like the pennant of a scare crow, finally falling on one side, when, a few minutes later, a long snore announced that Jinks was seeking in sleep a return to reason and respectability.

By-and-by Bébe grew tired of sitting by the side of her inanimate chum, and began to find the minutes very irksome in the small, quiet chamber. So she tried to busy her fingers by dressing and undressing an extraordinary rag doll (one Jinks had fashioned). She played at shops—she addressed an imaginary audience, and finally discovered she was both thirsty and hungry.

"Jinks! wants someping to eat," she cried fretfully, trying to unlock the closed eyelids. But a louder snore was the only answer vouched—so her fertile little brain bethought to try and personally minister to her material wants!

Had she not that very afternoon seen her old friend go to the cupboard and slake his thirst? Undoubtedly she, too, might find

something. Accordingly, she dragged a chair in front of the shelves, on tip toe peering at their contents. Alas! only another black bottle was visible! She stretched forth her hand and clutched the narrow neck, then carefully let herself to the ground. It did not smell very nice, the contents of this bottle. Its odour was similar to that of the rickety lamp that was lighted every evening! Perhaps they would make her dance as Jinks had danced, and she chuckled at the idea.

Poor little Pal! Will no one enter and save you? Where are the good angels you innocently evoke with tiny clasped hands? Bright, little Pal! Will you not drop the cruel draught you hold so fearlessly?

Perhaps gentle Jesus hath need of His little child! or are you longing to reach the shore where the flowers never die?

. . . . . A sickening smell of lamp oil pervaded the room

. . . . . A few shrill cries of unanswered agony, and Bébe sank to earth. . . . .

Surely never a sadder scene than this of the dying child, and the old, drunken man.

Her beautiful grey eyes were distended in agony. The fair limbs distorted with pain. . . . "Jinks!" she moaned "dear Jinks!"

Silence — dread silence.

Painfully the frail body trailed its length to where her friend lay, and then the curly head, for the last time, was pillowed on the unheeding breast.

Hush! what were the poor burnt lips saying?

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild!"

A pause—a long, long pause, and then a wan, mysterious Presence stole into the quiet chamber. Gently it touched the radiant eyes that had never wept the tears of mature sorrow . . . half regretfully, it placed its chill fingers upon the innocent brow . . . softly it kissed the rose-bud mouth.

"Sleep!" it whispered, "Sleep!"

And lo! when she awoke, she was with

the angels, Bébe, sweet Bébe!

. . . . .

The minutes tottered by and languished into hours, and only when dusk was well advanced did Jinks arouse. At first he did not stir, although he became conscious of an unwonted weight upon his chest, but lay listening to the melodies evoked by an old organ-grinder, whose monkey had of yore been Bébe's great delight.

It was this remembrance that urged his sluggish brain into activity. "Pal! little Pal!" he cried, "there's the monkey!"

No answer. Thereupon he rose into a sitting position, and the weight upon his chest slipped aside and dully smote the ground.

"Pal!" he again uttered, "where are yer?"

But only the cracked melody without came stealing through the window.

Then he grew alarmed, and groped for the matches that he might put one to the lamp. The latter, alas, was dry; so he lighted a candle to reach the oil wherewith to replenish it.

The feeble flame flickered through the room, and mingled weirdly with the light of the dying day.

"Are yer hidin' from Jinks, my birdie?" he queried tenderly.

Suddenly his eyes fell upon something lying prone upon the floor, and for an instant his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Bébe—Pal!" he muttered waveringly, placing the candle upon a chair standing near the fair, dead head, and kneeling by the side of the motionless figure.

He peered closely into the mysterious baby face that never smiled in answer to his words, and mechanically let his fingers wander above the cold features.

What ailed his darling?

He clutched the worn, brass candlestick, and held it so near, that the flame almost singed the golden curls.

Still, he did not understand!



ONLY ANOTHER BLACK BOTTLE WAS VISIBLE.



At last his glance encompassed a bottle lying near. He groped forward to reach it. . . It was empty! and by its side was a thin stream of oil that had trickled from it in ominous verdict.

With a cry that was almost a howl, the truth cleft his muddled senses. Bébe had been thirsty. . . Bébe had drunk the oil. . . Bébe was dead!

His skinny arms wound themselves round what had once been his little Pal—and he began to babble with the pathetic incoherence of childhood, the poor old man!

He talked to the frozen lips, the clouded eyes, the silken tresses, as though each were a sentient being.

"Put on yer hat, birdie, and we'll go and find some flowers! Button up yer tiny shoes! Tie on the little cape! Tired, are yer? Jinks 'ull carry yer, then—Jinks loves his little one!"

He rose and lifted her, laughing softly meanwhile.

"Tired, an' cold, an' sleepy, is she?" he crooned.

Then he laid her on the bed, and in another minute the sound of piteous weeping fell and uprose upon the air.

Poor, old man!

"All your weeping is in vain,  
She is dead—  
Her no tears can wake again,  
Lift her head."

A great pain fastened upon his heart like the fang of a venomous serpent, and he felt strangely weak. He could not reason, poor, old man! he was only dimly conscious that in some way he had been the instrument of his little pal's untimely end, and that he who loved her so had in his watch been found wanting.

Sharper gnawed the pain at his heart! faster flew his weary thoughts.

Hist! once again he saw his childhood's home! visions of his dead youth rose to gaze at him with sorrowful eyes. The spirit hands of his father and mother seemed to beckon him to come and join them. Entranced and spell-bound became the aged, tearful face, while he gently clasped the stiff fingers of his little dead friend. "It is dark!" he murmured, "lead me, darlin'!"

Outside the melody remorsefully played—within, the candle spluttered and burnt low—and at rarer intervals came the long-drawn sobs.

What was the prayer his Bébe had taught him to pray?

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild!"

Once, twice, thrice, the dying lips strove to frame the simple words. Then a silence, deep as the tomb, shrouded the forsaken chamber.

Bébe had waited for her old friend, and hand-in-hand the two were keeping "the long, mysterious Exodus of Death!"



THE EXODUS OF DEATH

# A YOUNG BLUE

# Stock

BY  
L.T. MEADE:



RUSILLA Fitzallen came of a very frivolous family. There were a lot of girls, and it was the fashion amongst them to shrink with horror from high schools, schools of art, academies of music, and above all things, from

women's colleges. There were six Miss Fitzallens, and they were all brought up in the style which is fast becoming old-fashioned. They had been trained in their early youth by governesses, and had been finished at a select seminary for young ladies at Brighton.

Each girl came home at eighteen to her father's roof, prepared to take her place in society, and supplied for that purpose with a smattering of French and German, a certain ability to sing a song without breaking down, a decided gift for dancing the waltz in the approved fashion, and a very nice aptitude for dress, and for pouring out tea gracefully. They were all pretty girls, and no one thought any the worse of them because they could not sign B.A. after their names, nor come up to the

standard which would enable them to pass the Cambridge examinations.

Drusilla was the youngest of the family. She was pretty—perhaps the prettiest of the six. Her eyes were large and grey, her eyelashes black, long, and curly. Her hair was dark, her forehead rather low. She had the faint colouring of a blush rose about her cheeks, and her expression, though serious for one of the family, was very sweet.

Drusilla had been taught just like the others. She had enjoyed the tuition of the same governess. She had studied music under the same masters, and when she was seventeen she was sent to the seminary at Brighton, just as her sisters were sent before her. She came home at eighteen, and it was soon afterwards, just, too, when the London season was at its height, that she made the remark which electrified the rest of the house of Fitzallen.

"I mean to go to Girton," she said. "I mean to go in for a three years' course of study, and if possible to take a tripos."

The other five girls were standing about the room when Drusilla flung this bomb-shell into their midst. They stood and gazed at her. They were going out to a dance in a few minutes, and Drusilla in a white dress was to accompany them.

"Well!" said Alice, the eldest.



"And what, in the name of goodness, is a tripos?" asked Fanny. She was the most frivolous of the family. She had soft, blue eyes and a dimpled mouth, and was a great proficient in the art of flirting. "What in the wide world is a tripos?" she repeated.

"The examination for a degree, my dear Fanny," replied Drusilla, in her calm voice. "I mean to go in for it, if I can. I have spoken to father. He is quite willing to allow me to try what I can do. I shall join, if possible, next term."

"How odious!" said Fanny, pouting her lips. "I did think we six girls would not be so silly as to take up that horrid learning fad. I thought we knew better. You *can't* mean it, Dru! You can't possibly be in earnest!"

"I am quite in earnest," answered Drusilla. "I think the scholastic is a beautiful life. I met a girl at the Franklins the other day who had been at Girton, and she told me some things about it, and I saw at once that we had none of us been properly educated. We can only smatter—smatterers are no good whatever in these days, so I mean to be thorough. I shall try for a mathematical tripos. Such a course of reading will be very steady; I am quite determined to know one thing well."

"Oh," said Alice, "it's too awful to contemplate! None of the men will look at you, Drusilla; and I don't suppose you really want to be an old maid."

"I don't care a bit if I am."

"Oh!—oh!—oh! And what about Mr. Fleming?"

Drusilla blushed and turned her head away.

"I am going to Girton," she repeated in a stubborn sort of voice—"I won't have it said that we are a frivolous family any longer."

A servant entered the room at this moment with a message to the girls from their mother. It was time for them to start for the scene of their evening festivities. They all went, even Drusilla, and that night she danced so beautifully, and looked so radiant that more than one person remarked on her charms, and prophesied that she would soon be one of the acknowledged beauties of her day.

The next morning Alice Fitzallen came up to her sister and spoke.

"George Fleming was not at the Seymour's last night."

Drusilla was bending over a book of

algebra. She stooped her dark head a little lower.

"No," she replied, in a gentle, restrained voice. "I noticed that for myself."

"But his cousin Tom danced with me several times."

"Oh."

"Drusilla, I wish you would look up and be a little interested."

"I am very busy, dear," responded Drusilla, calmly. "The entrance examination for Girton is a great deal stiffer than I had any idea of. I am determined to pass it, so you see I must work hard. Have you anything *very* important to say to me, Alice?"

"No, nothing really vital. You can go back to your studies in a minute. I only told Tom that you were going to Girton, and he opened his eyes and said that would be news for George. He asked me to try to persuade you not to go, for George, he says, hates learned women."

"I think Tom is very impertinent," answered Drusilla. Her face flushed crimson. "What does George Fleming's opinion signify to me? A remark of that kind sounds—sounds—oh, there! Tom had no right to say what he did, and you had no right to repeat it to me, Allie. Now, do let me get back to my work in peace."

Alice ran out of the room, and Drusilla looked at the pile of books before her. She had never gone in for the Cambridge local examinations. She had been educated in the old-fashioned style, and it seemed to her now that the examination she must pass to get into Girton was extremely severe.

"I don't know anything about quadratic equations in algebra," sighed poor Drusilla. "Oh! I am not thorough, not a bit; I am frightfully superficial. I simply *must* work, and get my knowledge up and struggle to know at least one thing well. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Suppose after all I fail!"

She turned pale at the thought. The delicate rose-colour left her cheeks. She pushed her books of euclid and algebra aside, and passed her fingers impatiently through her thick hair, which was waved high over her forehead. For some time now a conviction had been growing in Drusilla's mind that there was a want in her life. Her governess had not quite satisfied her—her school days at Brighton had pleased her still less. She was conscious of a sense of emptiness. The aims that her sisters had in view were not sufficient for her. It was

not enough, in her opinion, for a girl to dress well and look pretty, and sip at pleasure as a butterfly at flowers, and flirt a little, and look forward to a fashionable marriage by-and-bye. The sweet gravity which had always lurked in Drusilla's face deepened as she thought these thoughts, and longed for thoroughness, and a fully-rounded life, and a sense of having achieved something in her days.

These thoughts were strongest in Drusilla's mind when she talked to a grave friend of hers, George Fleming, a man who never flirted with any girl, but who liked to look down into Drusilla's earnest face when she poured out her fancies to him. She had never yet spoken to Mr. Fleming about Girton, but she imagined when she did, that he would approve of her scheme.

Now it seemed she was all wrong. She ruffled up her hair savagely; she pushed her books further away. Tom must know his cousin George well, and Tom had said that George hated learned women. Oh, he was just like all other men! No man liked a woman to be anything more than a pretty, frivolous doll. She had hoped better things of George. He had always *looked* as if he thought differently. Well, she did not care. She would go to Girton all the same, and work harder than even she had intended to work, and become the Senior Wrangler of her year. There were some people in the world who would consider such an achievement a crown of glory. Oh, yes, she would go in and win it; she was resolved.

Drusilla bent low once more over her mathematical studies. Fanny, Agatha, and Alice, ran in presently to disturb her.

"Come along, dear little Blue-stockings,"

said Agatha, in an affectionate voice. "You know we are due at the Knights' garden party presently. There is only just time to get ready comfortably, and go down by train to Richmond. Come, Drusilla, you are not going to miss this. You know *your* true knight will be one of the guests."

"What an atrocious pun, Aggie," said Alice.

"Never mind, Alice," retorted Agatha. "I like to see the little Blue-stockings colour up in that furious sort of fashion. Yes, Drusilla, George Fleming is really

going to be present, and you can tell him all about that horrible Girton scheme of yours. I hope to goodness he'll knock it out of your head."

"That he won't," said Drusilla.

"Oh, perhaps you're not coming? Perhaps you are afraid to meet him?"

"I afraid? Not quite. Of course I'm coming. There go my books for to-day. Oh, what a worry everything is!"

She rushed out of the room. Agatha looked slowly round at Alice and gave her a scarcely perceptible wink.

"I thought that would fetch her," she said. Aloud, she shouted after the young termagant: "Be sure you dress in

character, Drusilla—nothing gay or festive on any account whatever!"

Drusilla came downstairs presently in a shimmering dress of the palest possible blue. She had ruffles round her neck, and on her head a very large hat picturesquely adorned with a bunch of blush roses. Her gloves were perfect, her parasol the right shade. As far as dress was concerned, she might have stepped out of a fashion-plate, but the face—the tremulous lines round the mouth, the light, half-pathetic,



DRUSILLA LONGED FOR THOROUGHNESS.



half-petulant in the wide-open eyes, the pallor on the young cheeks—gave even to her dress an expression which made one think of a flower, adorned without thought, and yet perfectly.

Agatha was in her most quizzical humour, but Drusilla took no notice.

"Don't disturb her, she is thinking of her quadratic equations," whispered Agatha, putting her finger to her lips and glancing at Alice.

Drusilla smiled faintly round at her sisters. She was certainly going to Girton; but for the time being she had forgotten all about her mathematics and the possible tripos to which they might lead her.

The day was a superb one, and the Knights' garden-party was a very gay affair. The band played merrily, and tennis was in full force. Drusilla did not care to play. She walked about under the shade of the trees, and talked to several girls and some men she knew.

By - and - bye Tom Fleming came up and joined her. He made commonplace observations for a little, then he said suddenly:

"So you are going to Girton, Drusilla? I wouldn't, if I were you."

Drusilla flushed a rosy red all over her face.

"I am certainly going," she said, in a proud voice. "I don't make plans just to break them. There is such a thing as making up one's mind, isn't there? Well, my mind is made up."

Tom glanced at her in some surprise. Drusilla looked positively angry. He had never seen her angry before. He did not know that it was in her to get into a rage—and then, his remark meant so little. It mattered nothing whatever to him whether she became a Senior Wrangler or not.

"Hullo, there's George!" he said in a tone of relief. "Here we are, George. Here's this young Blue-stockings; she won't give up the idea of Girton for anybody."

George Fleming came up to Drusilla and shook hands with her in his grave way. He was ten years older than his cousin Tom. His face was plain, but lit up by bright, keen eyes; his figure was upright and very spare. His hat concealed his forehead, which was massive.

George Fleming took no notice of Tom's remark. He turned courteously to the young girl by his side.

"I was just going away," he said. "I did not see you anywhere. Shall we sit under this tree for a little?"

They both sat down; Tom disappeared; the other guests were all at a distance. It seemed to Drusilla, that they were having quite a solitary time; she lowered her eyes, she did not feel inclined to speak. She forgot all about Girton and mathematics.

Fleming could talk well. He was saying a great many things, and Drusilla was answering them. She was putting in the right monosyllables at the right moments.

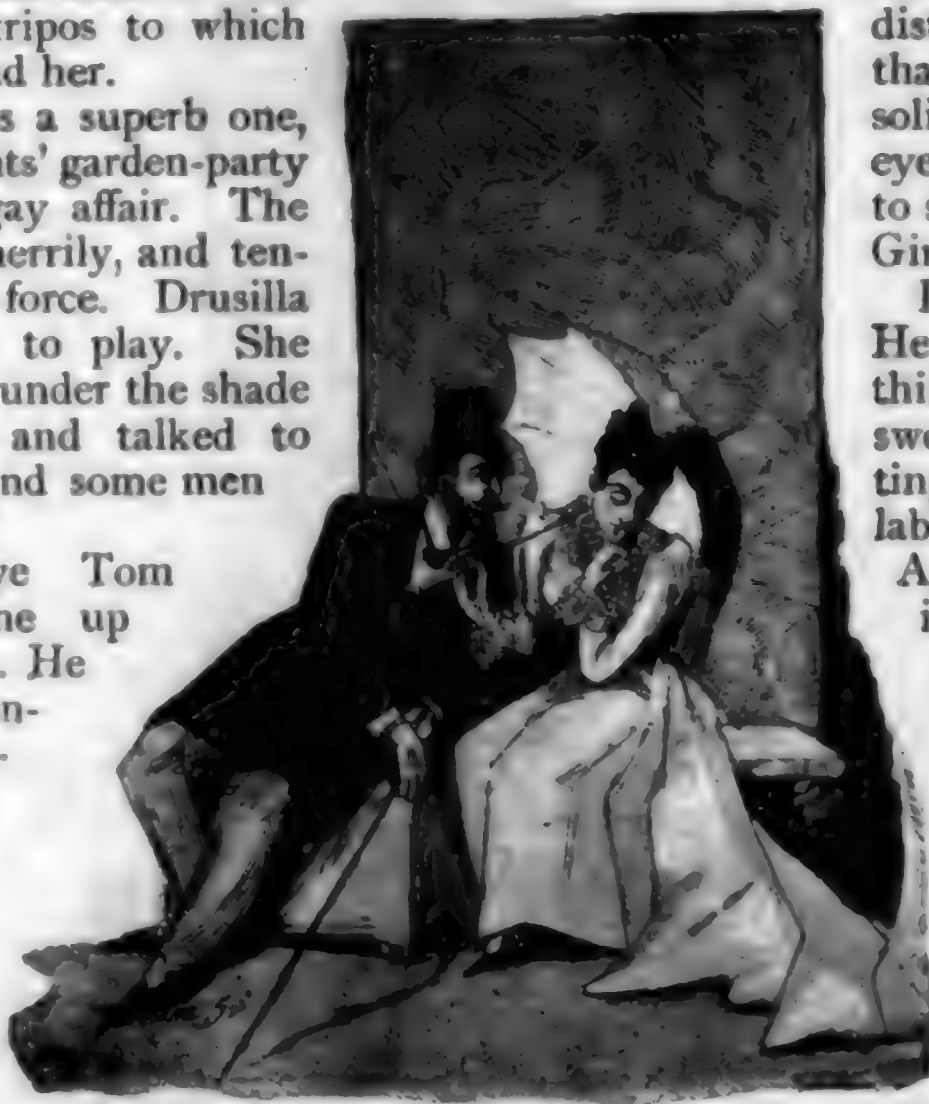
Apparently she was absorbed in listening. Suddenly she roused herself with a start.

She was conscious of a change in Fleming's voice. He had always been a little personal when he spoke to her. Now he was not at all personal. He talked of every-day things, the Academy, the small local news; at last, he even mentioned the weather.

When he did this, Drusilla jumped up as if something had stung her.

"I cannot listen to you any longer," she said with passion. "Your remarks hurt me. I know why you speak as you do, and why you mention the Academy and the opera, and now even the *weather*! Oh, I will not be degraded by having to talk about the weather. I know you have heard about Girton, and I know you don't approve of it. You like women to be dolls—just made to amuse men! But you're mistaken if you think I'm one of that sort, and I'm going to Girton, whether you like it or not."

Drusilla stood up very tall and straight. She looked Fleming full in the face. Her eyes flashed, her lips quivered, no rose ever



SHE FORGOT ALL ABOUT GIRTON AND MATHEMATICS.

blushed more vividly. She hurled her little taunting words into George Fleming's astonished face; then she rushed away.

He called after her, but she did not hear him. She ran down a side alley, let herself outside by a postern gate, and never paused for breath until she reached the railway station.

A train was just starting for London. Drusilla jumped into an empty first-class carriage.

She reached home two hours before she was expected. Mrs. Fitzallen was in the drawing-room. She looked up with surprise when her youngest daughter appeared.

"My dear, Dru, what is the matter? Is there anything wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing, mother; the others are all enjoying themselves, and I—I found it hot, and—and stupid, so I came home."

"My dear love, by yourself?"

"Yes, mother, I came home by myself."

"How erratic and eccentric of you, Drusilla. I trust, I am sure, that you are not going to become both erratic *and* a blue-stocking at the same time. If so there is absolutely no hope for you."

"What do you mean by no hope, mother?"

"My dear child, need I explain? If people get to consider you odd, Drusilla, you are done for."

"Oh!" answered Drusilla, "in what way?"

"My love, are you not just a tiny bit obtuse? What do girls dress and go into society for? My dear, I must put it bluntly—to attract the superior creatures of the other sex."

"Mother—mother, don't! Why will you say such vulgar things?"

Mrs. Fitzallen was short and fat. She drew herself up now with all the dignity she could assume.

"So you call your mother vulgar, miss? Is that the correct way for the learned young lady of the present decade to speak to her parents? But vulgar or not, Drusilla, the fact remains, that if you don't take care you will die an old maid."

Drusilla walked to one of the windows; she looked out at the hot, summer street. She saw carriages with gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen rolling past. Some children were coming home, accompanied by their fagged looking governess. A nurse appeared in the distance wheeling a perambulator. The whole little pageant looked

hollow and uninteresting to Drusilla. She turned swiftly round and glanced at her mother.

"I should like to be an old maid," she said.

Mrs. Fitzallen threw up her hands with an exclamation of horror.

"Do you know what you are saying?" she remarked. "Think of all the neglected women who sit in corners; of the maiden aunts who are never wanted; of the ——" but here the angry woman's words almost choked her. With a sudden gasp she concluded her sentence—"Drusilla, think of your aunt Patsy!"

"I do think of her," answered Drusilla. "Her face rose up before me as I spoke. Oh, mother, all the people who go by here in carriages look so unsatisfied, but I never saw an unsatisfied expression on aunt Patsy's face. She does good—she helps people. Oh, I think she has a beautiful life."

Mrs. Fitzallen rose angrily from her seat on the sofa.

"I have no patience to listen to you any longer," she said. "You are really too queer and odd for anything."

"Odd or not, mother, my head aches badly at the present moment, so, if you don't mind, I will go to my room for a little and lie down."

"As you please, my dear—I shall be glad to talk to you again when you have come to your senses."

Mrs. Fitzallen flounced down once more on her sofa. Drusilla softly closed the drawing-room door behind her.

She went first of all to the almost disused schoolroom downstairs. There she collected her books of algebra and euclid, her Latin and history, and clasping her arms round the ponderous volumes dragged them up wearily to her own little bedroom at the top of the house. She put them on the dressing-table, pushed aside the ornaments and little requisitions of the toilet with which the table abounded, and drawing forward a chair sat down in front of her books. She opened one and began to study. As she did so the flush deepened on her pale cheeks, and her dark grey eyes grew very bright.

She worked hard for nearly an hour, then folding her arms over the books, she dropped her face into them and remained quite motionless.

Presently her sisters came home, and one of them tapped at her door.

"I am not coming out," called Drusilla.



"I have got a headache, and I want to stay very quiet."

"Will you have anything to eat?" called Agatha back in response.

"You can let me have some tea presently, but there is not the least hurry."

Agatha's footsteps departed, and Drusilla, seizing a fresh sheet of paper, began frantically to work out a mathematical problem. She had worked the very same with success that morning. Now it would not come right.

She tossed the paper on the floor, and, opening her Latin grammar, endeavoured to construe some of the sentences. The results were no better. By-and-by the grammar shared the fate of the paper which contained her attempt at mathematics.

History would be better. She would plunge into that dreary Middle History through which she must grope her way to the joys and honours of Girton.

No better, no better. Her eyes would not see; her brain would not comprehend. At last, in despair, she shut up every book, and throwing herself on her bed tried to sleep. She was still in her pale blue dress, and the festive ruffles of choice lace surrounded her neck and wrists. A little bunch of sweet peas and mignonette which she had fastened into her belt lay now half withered, not far from her beating heart. Their sweet smell came to her as she lay on the bed. She pulled them violently out of her belt and pressed them to her lips. So sweet they were, so untroubled, so careless of ambition, of learning—

"So satisfied," suddenly exclaimed poor Drusilla, "to be just frivolous! to be just the whim of an hour!"

She smelt the sweetness out of the mignonette once more, then tossed the withered flowers away.

She closed her eyes and tried hard to sleep, but her heart ached badly, it ached worse than her head. She kept thinking of George Fleming's words, of the astonished, pained, incredulous look on his face. She heard once again the taunting ring in her mother's voice, "An old maid;

if you don't take care you will be that wretched thing, an old maid."

When talking to her mother, Drusilla had defended her position. She had spoken with rapture of dear, loving old Aunt Patsy, but now the loneliness of Aunt Patsy's life appealed to her forcibly. She was good, she was sweet; but, oh, she was *alone*!

In the long, future days would Drusilla, too, be all alone? Alone with her learning and her empty honours, and her little withered crown of bay. And would frivolous people despise her because she had no husband to take her part, and would George's wife (for, of course, George Fleming would marry), and George himself——, but here Drusilla jumped suddenly to her feet.

"I'll give Girton up," she exclaimed. "I'm no better than the silliest, silliest girl, who ever danced or flirted, or made herself into a doll to please the men! Oh, I must give up the earnest life, and the higher paths, and all the sweet, sweet things which would have given me strength and sense, and courage. I must give them up, because one man whom I love disapproves. I can't help it, George Fleming is more to me than all the books and all the learning in the world. There! I'll even eat humble pie for him. What more could be expected of me?"

She opened her writing portfolio, swept all her examination papers and books from the table, and began to write:—

"Dear George,

"Don't mind what Tom says, I am not going to Girton. Forgive what I said to-day. I was in a passion, and I did so hate all the emptiness of society life. But I'll go on with it, if you—if you——

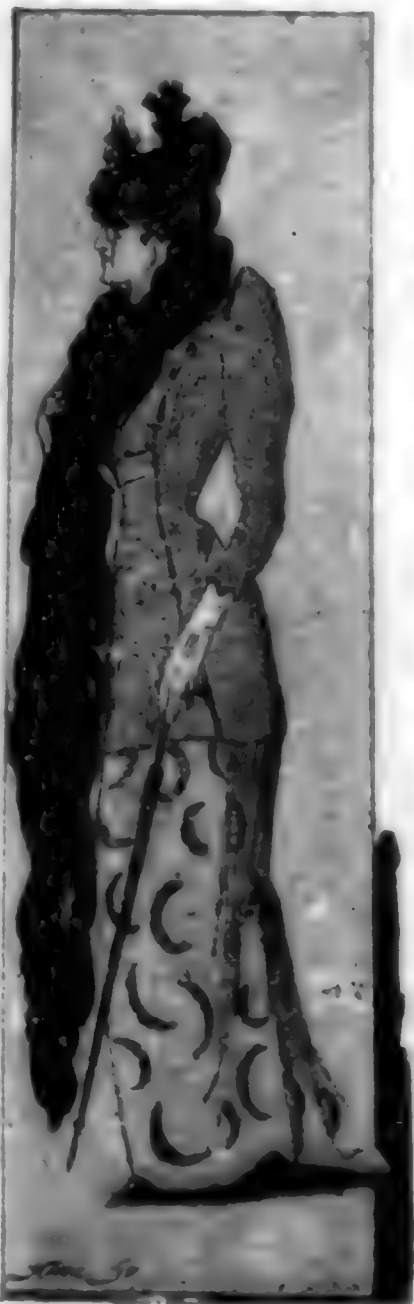
"I don't think I quite know what I'm saying. Forgive me, and don't be cross.

"Yours,

"DRUSILLA.

"This letter is as detestable as the weak-minded, changeable mortal who has written it," murmured Drusilla Fitzallen, as she put it into an envelope and directed it. "All the same, I must send it."

She unlocked her door and ran swiftly



FRIVOLOUS FANNY

downstairs to deposit the letter in the post-box.

The rest of the family were making merry in the drawing-room. Drusilla heard Alice's gay, thin voice singing a fashionable song. It ceased as she reached the hall, and Agatha began to play falsely on the guitar.

"Smatterers!" murmured Drusilla. "And I'm going to be another smatterer. Well, I can't help it—I can't give George Fleming up!"

She was just depositing her letter in the post-box when a ring at the hall-door caused her to turn round. It was the postman's ring. He had left a letter in the box.

Drusilla took it out; it was addressed to herself.

Her face turned pale at sight of the handwriting. She pressed her hand to her heart and walked very slowly upstairs. Alice was singing again,—

*"Oh my love, and my lost, lost love."*

"How detestably she does it!" murmured poor Drusilla, "and what *can* she know about a lost love?"

Then she locked herself into her own room and tore open her letter.

It was from Fleming—a few words—but they meant a good deal.

"My dear Drusilla,

"I know I must have seemed a very stupid companion this afternoon, but the fact is, I wanted to say something so badly that, until I had unburdened my mind, I could not talk anything but the merest commonplaces. I cannot quite understand how I annoyed you, and why you spoke so very, *very* strongly to me, and seemed so angry, and would not give me a moment to

get in a word. I wanted to run after you, but I think you put wings to your feet, for I could not find you anywhere.

"Of course, Drusilla, you must have seen for a long time that you are the sweetest and the dearest woman in all the world to me. I hate the mere empty fashionable woman—you have never been that. You can be tender and womanly as well as earnest and grave. Tom told me last night that you are going to Girton. Why *did* you speak to me so savagely on the subject to-day, and seem to take for granted I should hate the idea. My dear Drusilla, don't you know me better? Of course, I am charmed; I am in ecstasies; it lifts a load of care off my mind. Drusilla, I love you! I won't marry any one but you—you must and shall marry me. I am ordered to India for three years; a good post has been offered to me, and I cannot afford to refuse it. But the part of the country to which I am going is unhealthy, and I dare not ask the girl whom I want to make my wife to come with me.

"Oh, Drusilla, she is such a lovely, bonny girl, so fair, so earnest, so sweet. I quite dread leaving her for all the other men to admire, and long to possess. At Girton she will be as safe as possible. My darling, let me come to you to-morrow, and talk the whole matter over.

"Yours, with devotion,

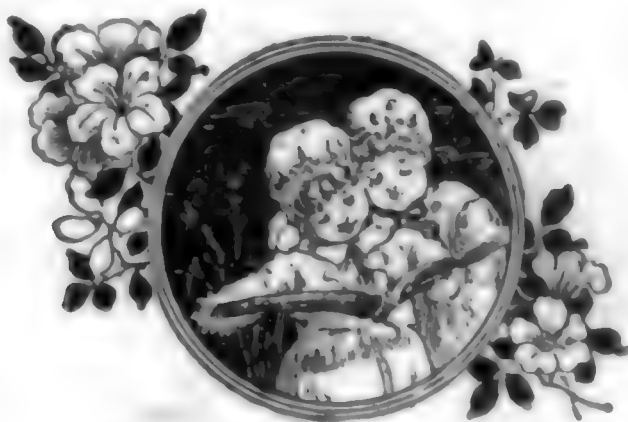
"GEORGE FLEMING."

"Drusilla, where *ARE* you flying to? Do get out of my way, child, you'll knock me over?"

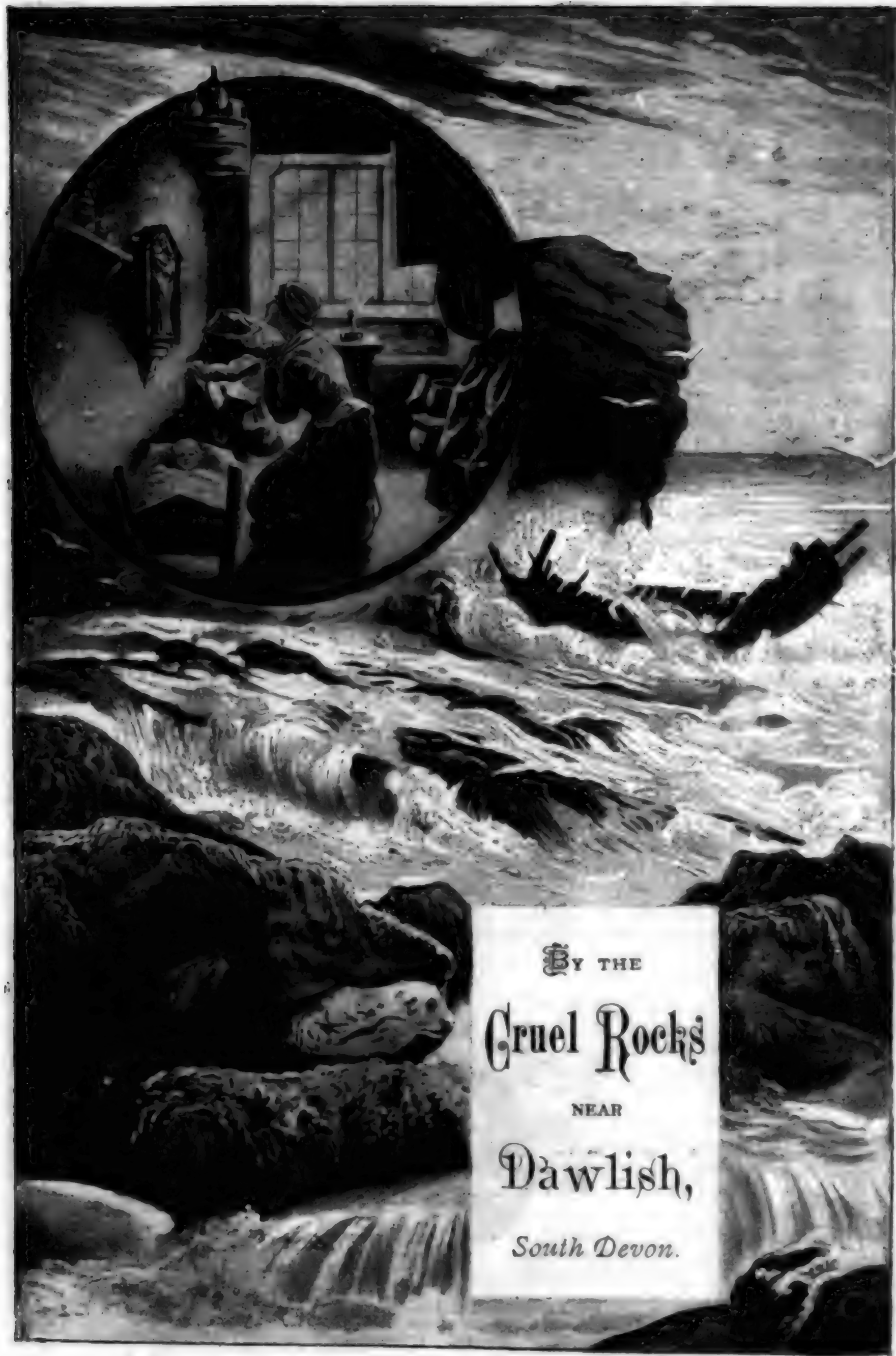
"Oh, Alice, don't keep me, please."

"But where are you going?"

"Only downstairs to the letter-box. I wrote a letter; and I don't want it to go."







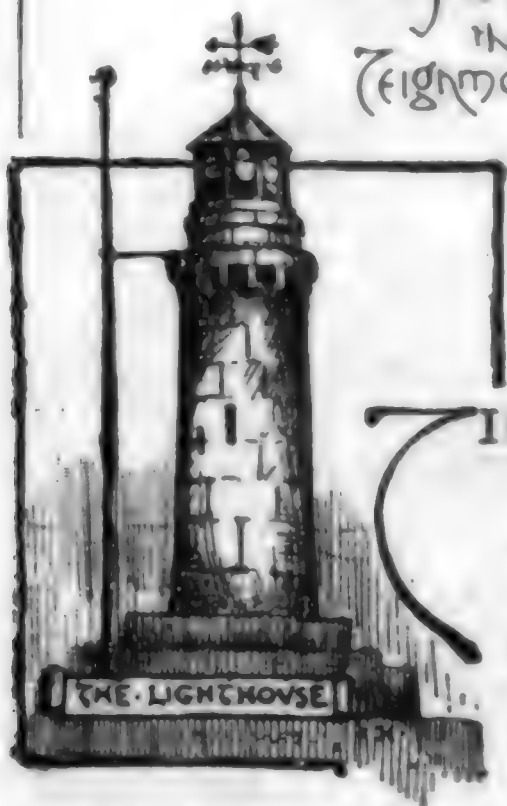
BY THE  
**Cruel Rocks**  
NEAR  
**Dawlish,**  
*South Devon.*



A sketch  
from  
the Bridge  
Teignmouth

## In South Devon

BY C. G. HARPER.



IS between the estuaries of the Exe and Teign that you meet with the most charming scenery South Devon affords. That is to say, between the

cathedral city of Exeter and the port of Teignmouth, is a stretch of country unsurpassed for beauty in these islands.

'Tis all but some fifteen miles journey, yet shall you find in this little span enough to claim your best attention, however used you may be to nature's beauty spots. Below Exeter, the Exe broadens almost immediately into a tidal river: Hungerford Bridge, within sound of Countess Weir, still remaining the lowest causeway athwart its silvery flood. Crossing here, one comes, presently, upon veritable Devon soil, ruddy and fertile, in places overhanging the roadway in miniature cliffs where it leads by shady windings into Exminster. In the little village church may well be noted the eccentric series of saints, executed in plaster, in high relief upon the ceiling. Here is one of that curious company, *Saint James Minor*, a representative example, in no wise exaggerated.

In the south isle is a curious monument, with portrait effigy, in memory of Grace Tothill, who died in 1623, aged eighteen years. The metrical epitaph is instinct

with seventeenth century grace and deserves noting. It runs thus:—

“If grace could lengthe of dayes thee give,  
Or vertue coulde have made thee live,  
If goodnesse could thee here have kept,  
Or teares of frindes which for thee wept;  
Then hadst thou liv'd amongst us here,  
To whom thy vertues made thee deer;  
But thou a Sainte, didst Heaven aspire,  
Whiles heere on earth wee thee admire.  
Then rest, deere corps, in mantle claye,  
Till Christ thee raise, the latter day.”

Below Exminster the gleaming estuary of the Exe widens, until Topsham, on the opposite shore, is but faintly seen; but the twin towers of Exeter Cathedral are yet distinct, silhouetted clearly against the eastern sky. Tall grasses line the shores just here, and, together with the lock buildings of the Exeter navigable canal at Turf, form a happy composition.

The Earls of Devon are, and have been for centuries, lords of all these surrounding acres, and many of them are laid to their last rest in the little church of Powderham, that stands beside the encroaching railway, within sight of Powder-







ham castle, looming largely through the oak glades of its lordly park. Here the air becomes laden with salt, and sea gulls fly screaming overhead: and we are within sight of the fishing village and station of Starcross.

The railway curve, the fishing jetty, and the horizon line, where sea meets sky, form a most striking picture, emphasized by the tall, dark-red sandstone tower of the old atmospheric railway, still standing, and retained by the Great Western Railway at the request of a former Earl of Devon, who evidently had a very good eye for pictorial composition.

Sarcross has aspirations and calls itself a seaside resort; but between you and me, the claim is not to be taken seriously. Exmouth, within sight across the water, claims and gets all the visitors; and Sarcross is left

very much to its cockle fishery, and resembles no place so much as some old-world Italian village, dozing in some backwater of life.

Between here and Dawlish occurs the wide, sandy spit known locally as the Warren, a waste of sand silted up by the action of winds, waves, and currents, and partly barring the Exe estuary.

Overgrown as it is with patches of reeds and coarse grasses, and chequered with pools of brackish water, 'tis as wild and unconventional a place as you may well see, and a place whereon nature and atmospheric conditions may well be studied, so free and open is it, and so quiet. All day you may wander and hear nothing but the wash of the sea and the piercing, plaintive notes of the gulls. Rabbits abound, and in the pools may often be seen that patient fisher, the heron, silent and motionless.

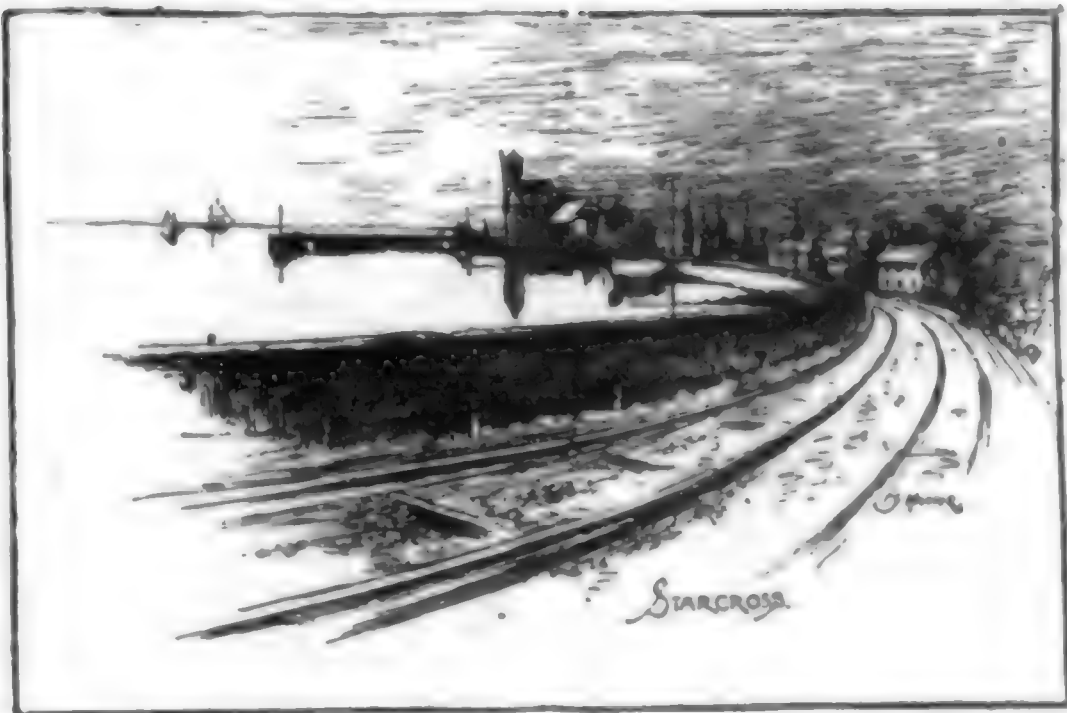
But 'tis another tale to tell at Dawlish, where, in summer, the golden sands are crowded with visitors from early morn to dewy eve. A little band-box of a town, called into existence by these touring times, and in winter as deserted and woe-begone as any Dead City of the Plains. For here is no port nor any anchorage; neither, when visitors have departed, is



there any business of any kind ; but while the happy summer lasts, its visitors throng the sea-wall and all the country-side. The town is bright and lively, but has nothing of interest to show, so we will fare up the steep face of Lee Mount, on to the high road for a spell, until Smuggler's Lane is reached, where one may descend to the sea once more. Here, at the extremity of a precipitous headland, stand two rocks, supposed to bear a resemblance to human faces. The eye of faith is imperative for the feat of recognition ; but, none the less for that, the resemblance is generally accepted, and the rocks have long borne the title of the "Parson and Clerk." From here is a good two miles' walk into Teignmouth along the sea-wall protecting the railway from the, too-often, fierce onslaughts of old ocean.

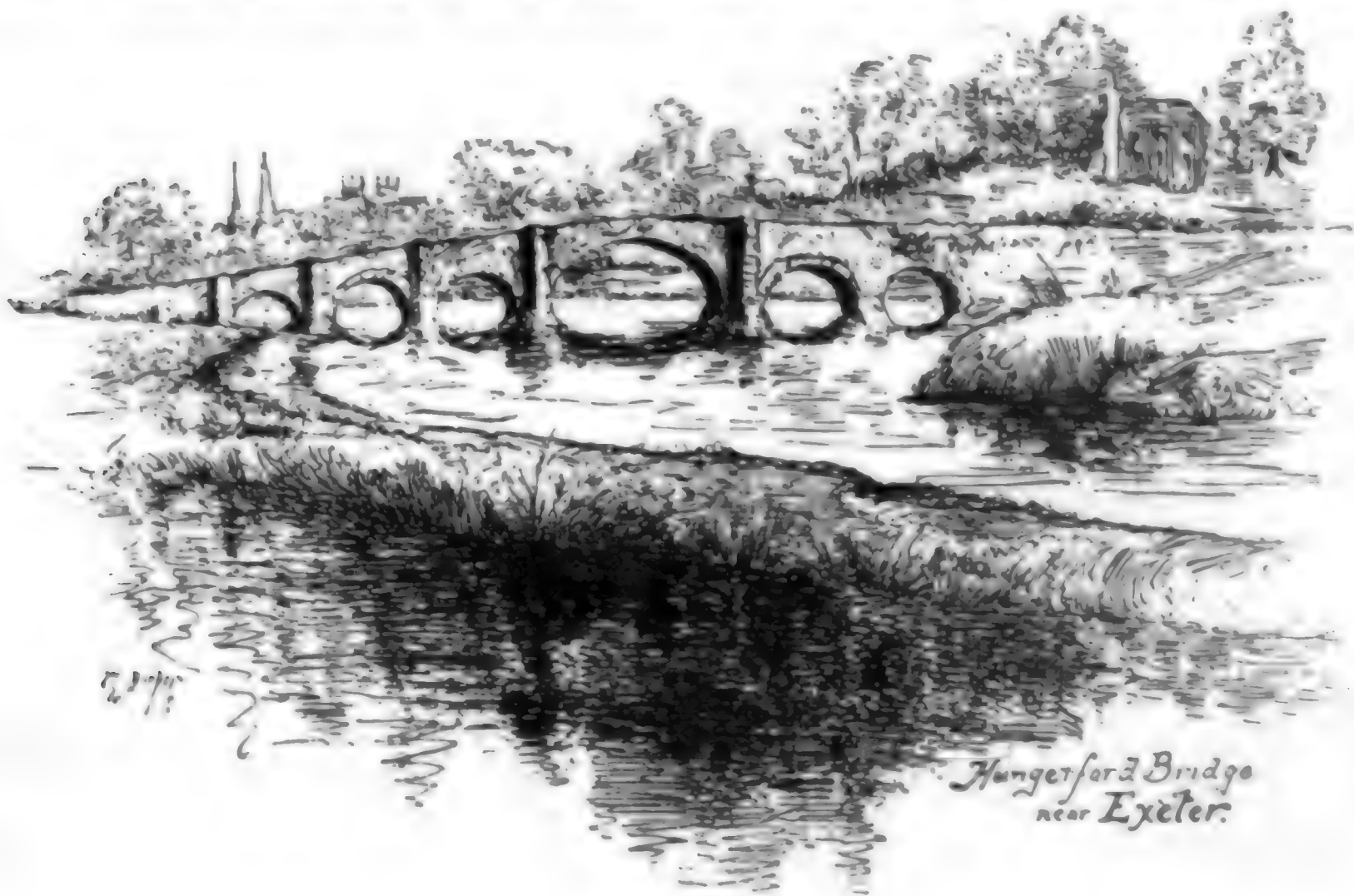
Time and again, in winter storms, have hundreds of yards of massive masonry been torn down and utterly destroyed by the tremendous force of the storm-waves rolling in from the Channel, and, on two or three occasions, great landslips have occurred from the soaring cliffs of sandstone overlooking the line. Railway engineering here is no play.

When Teignmouth is reached, you are at the second largest watering-place in South Devon—Torquay occupying the first place



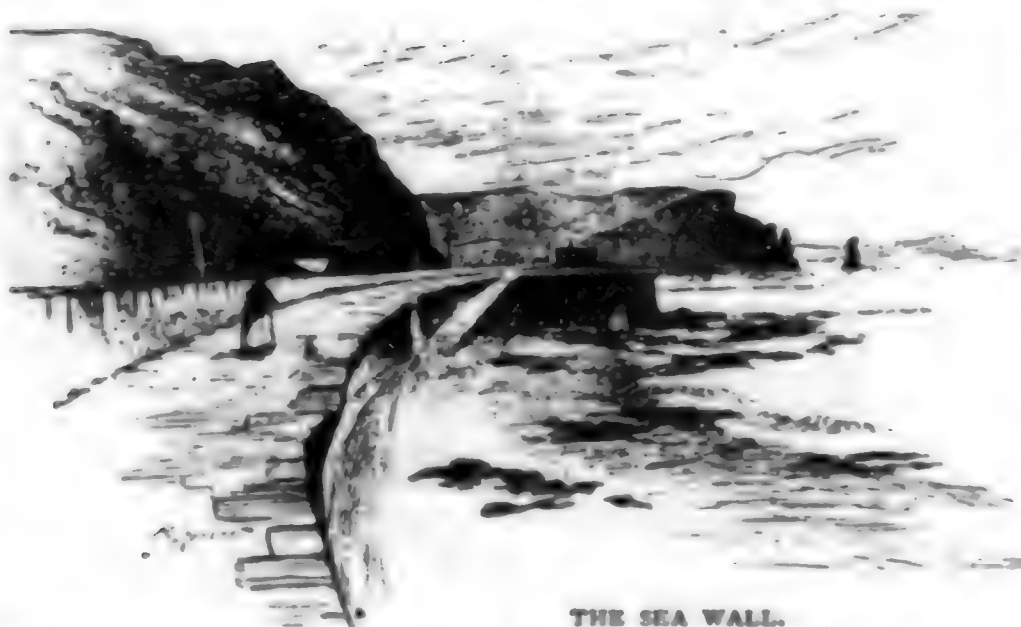
in point of size. Here you are in a convenient centre for day excursions to all points, when the town's attractions have been exhausted. But it is long ere the visitor tires of the immediate vicinity, and the climatic conditions do not urge to great exertion. For 'tis a warm and languorous air, and to lie lazily upon the splendid sands is enough for the over-tired Londoner when he hies him out of town.

When this listless occupation tires at last, there is always the harbour to be seen, with its work of loading and unloading continually progressing. To watch this is of itself restful : to look on while other folks work is always pleasant. The harbour, too, is a place whose picturesqueness never palls ; fresh combinations of vessels are always taking place, incoming and outgoing. Then you may cross over to Shaldon—a sometime



*Hungerford Bridge  
near Exeter.*





THE SEA WALL.

Cliff, that solitude may now be found, and in either place your musings are likely to be undisturbed. By way of East Cliff, walks may be taken on to the high table-land of Haldon, a breezy spot at any time, and bracing even in the calmest day of hot summer.

Dartmoor, too, is not far distant. Looking up the valley of the Teign may be seen the granite crowned tors of that wild and sombre waste, home of storms and mists.

fishing village, now grown out of all recognition, either by ferry, or across the bridge, the longest wooden bridge in England, built in the first few years of this century. It has a total length of 1,670 feet and spans the estuary with thirty-four arches, and in the middle is a drawbridge to allow of tall-masted vessels going up river, a rare occurrence. But boatsful of merry pic-nic parties go up this tidal river in the long summer days to many delightful spots, even as far as Newton Abbot, some five miles distant.

It is the river and the busy life of the port that give Teignmouth a charm unknown to the purely visitors' town. But the place has outgrown all bounds, and is built upon in every direction, since holiday-makers discovered it some years ago.

It is only in the New Market House, or along the picturesque openings of the East

You enter that region most conveniently by Moreton Hampstead, the capital of the moor; a little granite town of weather-beaten aspect, cheerful only in summer shine, and even then with a cheerfulness shadowed with seemingly tragical possibilities.

The prevailing note in its colour scheme is grey, even in times of brightest sunshine; in days of storm that greyness intensifies until your very soul is saddened by the awful aspect of nature in this eerie spot.

Such are some aspects of South Devon; grand in some places; beautiful in others; but always peculiarly impressive, girt with sounding sea and guarded by tall and rugged cliffs: a county whose climate may be fickle, but in whose confines are fewer hopeless days than tradition and hearsay evidence may warrant.



# A SACRIFICE



by Ida Lemon

**I**T was a very small room, and almost innocent of furniture. Though the day was cold, there was no fire in the grate, and though Mrs. Root was of a hospitable nature, she offered no refreshment to her visitor.

The visitor himself, a slight, wizened, old man in work-house garb, and with a sweet, contented innocent face and wide blue eyes, like those of a young child, regarded her from time to time with a surreptitious sympathy. In more prosperous days he and his wife had let lodgings, and their latest lodger had been Mrs. Root. Now, the wife was dead, and he in Fulham work-house. Every month he had a half holiday, and he invariably spent it with Mrs. Root, who was endeared to him by her association with a past of comparative happiness.

Mrs. Root herself had fallen on evil days. She had lived long enough to have spent her few savings, and now she was dependent on her son. He was too proud to let his mother go into the House while he could possibly support her. But he had a family of young children, and now he was out of work.

One had only to glance at the gaunt old woman, whose cheek-bones protruded, and whose wrinkled skin was dull and grey, to

see that she had come face to face with starvation.

Now her eyes were sunk deep in their sockets, and the lids were red and swollen with weeping. She was rocking herself to and fro to an accompaniment of wailing, which every now and then grew almost passionate, and when she addressed her visitor, whom she called "Daddy," her shrill voice got almost beyond her control.

"It have come to that," she said. "He'll have to go, and I'd rather you did it, Daddy, than anyone else, seeing as you're my only friend, and it was you as put his poor mother out of her misery. Oh, dearie me, but it'll break my heart."

"There, there," quavered the old man soothingly, as she covered her face with her apron. "Don't take on, Mrs. Root, don't take on."

"I won't never have another," moaned Mrs. Root in a smothered voice, "never! no, I wouldn't, not if any one was to leave me a propity; such a dear, affecshunate crittur as never was! When I come in late, even if he was asleep he'd wake, he would, and run to me, and jump up as pleased as Punch, he would, and stand on my shoulders that pretty, and as well-behaved! and rub his face against mine. And now, to think as it should come to this. Oh! I can't a-bear it."

"There, there," said the old man again, his gentle voice quite tremulous with emotion, "it's for the best, Mrs. Root, don't you doubt it's for the best. He might ha' gone like his mother, and bin took with fits, or





"HE'S A SLEEPIN' AS INNERCENT AS A CHILD."

he might ha' been pisoned, like my poor Tibby. Do you remember Tibby, Mr. Root? Ah!" he shook his head sorrowfully, and bent forward leaning on the stick which he held between his knees. "She *was* a pretty crittur. Purr she would when you scratched her, and a tail like a Pershun, and that sandy! My! Didn't Polly jes' set a store by her. It were quite like a little 'un dying when she swallowed that pison. Poll took on only jes' less than when our Ernie died with teething. And there weren't that consolashun. There weren't no funeral, nor no memorial cards with a verse, nor nothin', and folks didn't symphonise about Tibby, neither."

Mrs. Root rose, and pushing back her chair, went towards the cupboard. It was ajar. She stooped down and peeped in.

"He's a sleepin' as innercent as a child," she said. "I wont disturb him, Daddy. I may as well begin to sew up my apron, I suppose."

Daddy did not answer her. His eyes had a far-away look. He was absorbed in his reminiscences.

Mrs. Root took a needle and thread, and put on a pair of spectacles, after giving her eyes a few vigorous dabs. Then, resuming her seat, she took her apron, which she had

pulled off, and folded it across. She began to sew it into a bag, but she did not progress very rapidly at first, as at every other stitch she laid down her work and wiped her spectacles. As she became more absorbed in it, however, nothing but a series of sniffs testified to her distress.

After awhile she began to talk again.

"I'm sure it's my duty, Daddy; there couldn't be a doubt as to that. Everything I have he's welcome to the half of, and he should have it, too, up to the last crumb. But what I has grows less and less, and since the strike has gone on so long, it ain't scarcely enough for one. Anyways it ain't no manner of use for two. If me and him shares it, it don't do neither of us any good. And Bob, he says: 'I'm glad to do what I can for you, mother, but with the little 'uns that thin and starey-eyed, I ain't justified in giving good victuals to a four-legged crittur.' That's what he says, and p'raps he have right on his side. He can't tell, no one can't tell what Tom is to me."

Daddy, who had awakened from his reverie, nodded forcibly.

"I knows," he said. "For, I've allurs been a great lover of animals myself,



"I'LL SOON GET HIM IN"

Mrs. Root. I don't mind telling you as I wep' when my little canary died, as used to be so tame. Ah, they knows who loves 'em, birds does, and animals. Why, now, there's the sparrers, Mrs. Root, they comes a-chirruping, and I saves up the crumbs in my handkercher, and I shakes 'em out in the yard, and maybe there'll be twenty of them sparrers as tame as you please, and all a-hoppin' about. Between my legs they comes, and they'll even go a peckin' at my boots. You never did." And he chuckled with delight, stopping abruptly, however, as though the sound of laughter were unseemly in face of Mrs. Root's bereavement.

"Ah," remarked that lady, "no one but God as made 'em could tell the difference between sparrows, but with a cat there's a distinction, like with human beings, and they feels deeply. If I'm ill, now, Tom knows it, bless 'im, and he's that sympathetic! He've got ways it'd be well as some Christians should follow. I'm sure there ain't a thing I do for him as he wouldn't do for me if paws was hands; and if I was to go it'd break his heart, that it would, and that's why I'm actin' this way."

Her voice broke, and she began to cry again. "I'm sure," she sobbed, "if my goin' without would be any use, he should have all, and welcome; but then I should die, and where would he be? I'm sure he'd pine, that he would. Why, bless you, now I'm weak, he knows there's somethin' wrong; he knows my step ain't that firm

it was, and I don't believe he'd touch a morsel if he understood I was deprivin' myself. Oh dearie me!"

"Well, he've had a happy life," said Daddy philosophically, "and he won't die half so painful as if it was a illness that took him."

"There's a comfort in that, Daddy," said Mrs. Root, wiping her eyes, "and if one of us has to suffer I'd sooner it was me than him. Cats ain't got the consolashuns of religion to keep 'em up; and if one of us has to die first, it had better be him than me. Them as goes first skips grievin' anyways. Even if I was to leave him my food," she added meditatively, "and go into the House it would be just as bad. I can't be sure even as he'd get my share, the little 'uns being Bob's flesh and blood, and the cat no relation, so to speak, and the parting would be assore. I couldn't take him along neither."

"That you couldn't," assented Daddy wistfully. "I'd ha' had a crittur long ago, even if 'twas ever such a little'un. It takes off the lonesomeness, just to feel it needs yer, that it do."

There was a short silence, then, the bag being completed, Mrs. Root again went to

the cupboard. This time she opened it and touched the sleeping animal. It stretched itself, yawned, and rose, arching its back; then it walked majestically out and began rubbing itself against the dress of its mistress affectionately. It was a very ordinary looking black-and-white Tom cat, but no more ordinary than many adored human



DADDY'S CRUMBS.



brings appear to the eyes of lookers on ; its extraordinariness, like theirs, consisted in the fact that it was to the lover the being beloved.

"Tom! Tom!" cried the old man, snapping his fingers, and the creature, who knew him, ran forward at once and leapt on to his knees.

Daddy stroked him gently and the cat purred with content.

"Ah," chuckled Daddy, "he knows his friends, don't you, Tom? Yes, Mrs. Root," he added, "he ain't that plump he was afore the strike."

Mrs. Root came forward and bent her old stiff knees on to the hard, uncarpeted floor. When she was in the attitude of a worshipper she, too, began to stroke the black fur, following the direction of Daddy's hand mechanically from head to tail, but gazing vacantly into the empty grate. Suddenly she burst into tears again and rocked herself backwards and forwards.

"Oh, it do seem cruel," she said. "And him so confiding and innercent; but I couldn't abear to see his poor bones no clearer, and I feels 'em quite distinct, and once he was as plump as a pillow."

"It have got to be done," said Daddy, "and in a minute or two I oughter be goin'. Give us the aprin, Mrs. Root, and you needn't look. He won't suffer, I promise yer. I'll just drop him in and he can't struggle, and it'll soon be all over."

"And no decent burial," supplemented Mrs. Root, with a sob that was truly heart-rending.

To her this parting meant the loss of the

only creature who needed her. To a woman whose nature is rather to give than take, and who has been forced to gradually submit to becoming a burden, to being practically useless, this is a real trouble, one with a spiritual significance. The poor old soul in thus voluntarily abandoning her only opportunity for daily sacrifice—the making of which forms the true woman's pleasure and privilege—was, in reality, making the greatest sacrifice of which she was capable. The cat had needed her, and so there had been an excuse for keeping herself alive; but with his prospective loss had come the

dimly realized consciousness that she was cumbering the earth. She did not analyse her feelings, but they were complex. The old clutch so pathetically at any assurance that they can still be of service to the world. It is when they have nothing to live for that the collapse of all their faculties is most likely to take place. Even the young need hope; the old cannot exist without it.

Daddy coughed apologetically once or twice at this remark of Mrs. Root's. He was evidently a little nervous. At last he volunteered a suggestion.

"There's ways, Mrs. Root," he remarked, "if burial would be a comfort to yer. We don't need nothing so big as the river. If you've got a pail of water now——"

Mrs. Root put out her hands imploringly. "Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't," she gasped. "Not afore my very eyes. Oh, no, Daddy. Take him away and do it. It couldn't be in this room, where he've took his meals and slept and all. Oh, no."

Daddy sighed submissively. Perhaps he would have preferred not having to carry Mr. Tom as far as the river.



DADDY STAGGERED ALONG UNDER HIS BURDEN.

Mrs. Root imprinted a kiss on the black head. Then, all trembling, she rose and tottered to the window.

Before long, Tom was well nigh enveloped in the sack. But just as his head was disappearing, there came a knock at the door, and a little girl entered. She was thin and pale, and looked scared.

The old woman, whose fingers were poked into her ears, did not hear her entrance. But the little girl came up to her, after nodding at Daddy, and touched her on the arm. Mrs. Root turned.

"Father ain't back," said the child, "But mother says as you ain't had nothin' all day, you might like this." And she held out a piece of bread and dripping at which she had been surreptitiously nibbling. "We've all had a bit, and there—there ain't no more!" And the poor little creature began to whimper.

"You may have a bite of it Sally," said Mrs. Root, "for bringing of it along, and thank your mother kindly. And what's that you've got there? Cold tea? Ah, I'm glad, for I'm that parched!" And she raised the cup and moistened her lips. Then she set it down suddenly, and snatched the bread from the girl who had taken liberal advantage of the proffered bite. "Thank you, my dear. You're hungry ain't you?" The girl nodded tearfully.

"Then you had best not see me eat. Run along, there's a good girl."

Sally obeyed reluctantly, staring at Daddy as she moved away.

"What's he adoin' to Tom?" she asked. "He ain't goin' to be drowned, is he?"

"He's a—a wrappin' him up," said Mrs. Root. "Now be off, my dear, be off."

When the door closed after the child, Mrs. Root clutched Daddy by the arm.

"Wait a bit," she cried. "Wait a bit, Daddy. I'm hungry, but I couldn't touch it without him having some. We've always shared, and if we ain't shared, *he* hasn't been the one to go without. Here, take it

quick. Even criminals is allowed a good meal before they die. And he hasn't done no harm to nobody."

She broke up the food and soaked it in the tea. The sight of the bread was a temptation to her, but she did not touch a crumb. She tenderly watched the cat eat. When nothing remained, she again took up her position by the window, and put her fingers in her ears.

Daddy staggered along under his burden. He had to hasten, for he must not be late at Fulham. The dusk had fallen when he crossed the bridge and stepped down into the towing path.

He had put down the bag for an instant to gather strength to fling it, when he thought he heard his name called.

He listened.

Yes, some one certainly said "Daddy," and now there was the sound of running footsteps.

He had an easy conscience, so when, yet a third time, he heard the voice, he put his hands up to his mouth and called "Hullo!"

In a few seconds some one came up to him and clutched hold of him, with a force which fairly shook him. It was Mrs. Root.

"Hul—lo!" he remarked, stupefied.

She could not speak yet. She was utterly breathless. But she pointed with her trembling hands to the river.

He interrupted her action. "I'm a goin' to all right," he said, "but it was slowish work getting along. There he is," and he stooped down to raise the bag, from which came pitiful and protesting sounds.

But Mrs. Root pushed him on one side and fell, rather than sank, on the ground, with her poor old face against the bag.

"I feels him," she said, all panting and sobbing. "I feels him, Daddy. You hadn't scarcely left—when Bob—comes home—and he've got work—and there ain't no need—for this. And when he looks in—and says—the strike is over—I jest ran. How I got along—I dunno—but I have—yer see." She swallowed her tears and laughed, "and—I'll take him—back—slowly—by-and-bye."



"HULLO!"



# Jolly Jack Tar.

WORDS BY S. HUBI NEWCOMBE.

MUSIC BY EDWARD ST. QUENTIN.

*Allegretto con spirito.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

Jack's at home on the bri - ny foam, He loves the salt sea spray,..... With

*lento.* *a tempo.*

bark so brave he skims the wave, And tacks to the breeze a - way;..... But

*colla voce.* *a tempo.*

*cres.* *lento.*

fair - er far the har - bour bar, And the rock of the har - bour swell,..... The

*lento.*

*rit.* *a tempo.*

lights in the town when the an-chor's down, And the las-sie he loves so well,..... The

*f* *colla voce. rit.* *a tempo.*

*f* *With spirit, well marked.*

las-sie he loves so well..... Then hip, hur-rah! for jol-ly Jack Tar, A -

*ad lib.* *a tempo.*

-float on the o - cean free, And a heart - y cheer for the home so dear, And the

*ad lib.* *a tempo.*

*cres.* *rit.* *ff*

las-sie that waits for me, And the las-sie that waits for me.....

*cres.* *rit.* *ff* *a tempo.*

*f*

To



*p* *cres.*

Pol - ly and Nell, we say fare-well, And kiss our sweet-hearts fair;..... Then

*p* *mf*

west - ward ho! a - way we go, In search of trea - sures rare;..... But

*lento.* *a tempo.*

*colla voce.* *lento.* *a tempo.*

Jack is true to eyes of blue, He dreams of home a - far,..... And he'll

*slower, with expression.* *a tempo. cres.*

nev - er for - get that sweet eyes are wet, Be - yond the har - bour bar,..... Be -

*p slower.* *a tempo. cres.*

*with spirit.*

- yond the har - bour bar..... Then hip, hur - rah! for jol - ly Jack Tar, A -

*lento.* *a tempo.*

- float on the o - cean free, And a heart - y cheer for the home so dear, And the

*lento.* *a tempo.*

*f* *rit.* *ff*

las - sie that waits for me, And the las - sie that waits for me.....

*colla voce.* *ff*

*f*

When

*cres.*

thun - ders crash, and wild waves dash, And clouds loom black as night,..... When the

*Ped.* \*

*cres.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

light - 'nings gleam, And the sea - birds scream, O then 'tis Jack's de - light!..... When

*cres.* *a tempo.*



*p con espress.* *cres.* *lento.*

winds blow soft, and Jack's a-loft, And we're off on the home-ward tack,..... When the

*p* *cres.* *lento.*

Ped. \*

*lento.* *a tempo.*

har - bour bar shines out a - far, O then, there is joy for Jack,..... O

*f* *lento.* *a tempo.*

*rit.* *ff* *with spirit.*

then, there is joy for Jack,..... Then hip, hur - rah! for jol - ly Jack Tar, A -

*cres.*

- float on the o - cean free, And a heart - y cheer for the home so dear, And the

*cres.*

*rit.* *ff*

las-sie that waits for me, And the las-sie that waits for me.....

*rit.* *ff*



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